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THE

SCHOOL FOR FATHERS;

OR, THE

VICTIM OF A CURSE.

A NOVEL.

CONTAINING

AUTHENTIC MEMOIRS AND ANECDOTES,

WITH

HISTORICAL FACTS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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MDCCLXXXVIII.

THE SCHOOL FOR FATHERS.

Maria's Address to the Public.

"Read, and judge."

I HAVE often thought it a thousand pities, that the editors of such kind of works, who give to

—— "airy nothings
"A local habitation and a name,"

should frequently waste so much time in assuring an uninterested public, that their

memoirs really are authentic, and allude to particular perſonages; as if thoſe who read merely to be amuſed, or to diſpoſe of an idle hour, which might, but for ſuch a reſource, be worſe employed, would give one pinch of ſnuff to be convinced that the entertaining hiſtory of Clarinda Cathcart, &c. &c. &c. contained nothing but abſolute matter of fact.

Theſe frequent, and ſometimes ſolemn aſſertions (which no one thinks it worth while to controvert) of the authenticity of memoirs in general, have certainly created a kind of ſcepticiſm in theſe matters, which will operate on the mind when *real* hiſtories, under fictitious names, are the ſubject of the pen.—To the multitude of readers it can be of little conſequence, whether the unfortunate perſons, whoſe true titles are con-

concealed beneath the assumed ones of Alfred and Elwina, were ever called into existence, or whether they are the mere creatures of the brain: to them it will be needless to declare, that the mournful passages these pages contain bear any relation to real circumstances, the severity of which overwhelmed the most virtuous and amiable of human beings, who were too good for the world they lived in.

My asseverations, then, are not to them: less need have I to make such to those, who well know what is true or false in the volumes now laid before the public; those to whom the characters of Alfred and Elwina were known and endeared, may rest satisfied, as to their conduct through life, and the motives that actuated the last measures of the ever-regretted Elwina.

Many will take up theſe little volumes, and find their intereſt in them doubly awakened, by diſcovering their acquaintance with ſome of the characters. The ſigh, the tear, which the tale, ſimply taken in itſelf, would excite in breaſts prone to melt at the relation of well-feigned woe, will be increaſed to anguiſh, when recollection points out the real ſufferers; the lovely eyes of the blooming maid will be ſuffuſed in tears, when ſhe contemplates the portrait of an admired acquaintance; nor will the hardy veteran refuſe the manly tribute of a tear over the untimely grave of a brother ſoldier!

Readers! I knew them.—Dear were they to my heart—ever will they live treaſured in its now lonely manſion!—To their *manes* I make the ſacrifice of tears, while I

retrace their virtues, and celebrate their worth! Yet had I been content to have made my own bosom the tomb of their history, had not the base suggestions of those who were better informed, and, therefore, sinned not in ignorance, dared to asperse the conduct of the most amiable among women!

Those who should have gloried in contributing to her happiness, conspired the destruction of her peace; and, now, when their cruelty has accomplished her fate in this world, they with unremitting malevolence rake up her ashes, and give motives to her actions equally false, and injurious to her memory!

Her friend, her faithful Maria, is particularly called upon, to vindicate Elwina!

Thefe fheets will do it—her own pen fhall be her juftification.—Yes, loved Elwina, the artlefs lines, written immediately from the beft of hearts, fhall, in the minds of the candid, acquit you of all ill—they fhall do more: they fhall erect a throne for thy excellence; and happy fhall thofe be who can emulate thy virtues! Thofe who recall thy picture will join in thy eulogium, while thofe hard-hearted perfecutors of the now entombed Elwina will hang their guilty heads, abafhed, and feel the vulture of remorfe prey on their vitals!

I meant only to have given the letters of thefe, fo dear to my heart; but I find it neceffary to fay more than I at firft intended. I wifh to make an intereft for them

them in the bofoms of my readers; their letters will do fo. The eafe and elegance of the diction, with the fentiments they breathe, will certainly procure them an admirer in every perufer. But I want every one to love, to regret them, as I do. It is impoffible! they cannot know them, they cannot love them, like me. Ah, ye vile calumniators! ye could not know them; your ungenial bofoms glowed not with their hallowed fire! Read, then, thefe letters—Learn to reverence; and, fince your tongues are unequal to their praife, in future be filent!

Bleffed fpirits, look down on the forlorn Maria, who ceafes not to bend her ftreaming eyes over the untimely tomb, which enclofes, from her mortal view, the objects neareft and deareft to her heart! who

ceases not to anticipate the hour, when she shall be reunited in the bonds of ever-during friendship to those, whose loss this world can never supply, and whose worth and sufferings it could not reward!

MARIA.

MEMOIRS

OF

ALFRED's FAMILY.

ALTHOUGH it is by no means consistent with the doctrine of free-agency, to believe there is an over-ruling principle that impels our actions; yet how frequently we see, and how unequal are we to account for it, that every circumstance of our lives, and of our descendants, receive their colour and tincture from some cause, which to us short-sighted mortals appears as if we could by no means avoid, or have prevented, any more than have foreseen.

There are few perſons who cannot, either in themſelves or acquaintance, readily trace effects from cauſes which look ſo like inevitable fate, that, in ſome moments of their lives, will render them almoſt ſceptics, if not *temporary* predeſtinarians. This truth will be exemplified in the pages of this work, which are devoted to the memoirs of Alfred's family.

One ſad and unforeſeen event ſerved to tincture each ſucceeding hour; every calamity, which devolved on the amiable, but unfortunate Alfred, might be traced up to that cauſe: nor was he the only ſufferer; the being deareſt to him in the world was likewiſe its victim; and even myſelf, who was no otherwiſe connected than by the holy bonds of friendſhip,—alas, how many bitter tears have I ſhed!

4 how

how many hours of keen affliction have I known, which but for that event might have been changed to happineſs reſulting from theirs.

The father of Alfred was the eldeſt and favourite ſon of a man of large poſſeſſions in the weſt of England: He paſſed his early youth in the common *routine* of education from Weſtminſter to Oxford, and in the twentieth year of his age was ſent to finiſh his career on the continent.

By a too early initiation into all the follies of diſſipated youth left to itſelf, or what is perhaps more to be deplored, to a tutor of ſmall abilities and bad principles, he was near falling a ſacrifice in two or three years, to the deſtructive ſhrine of pleaſure. Frequent remonſtrances had been made by

 his

his yet fond parent, who, although he ſupplied him with the means of continuing his extravagant life, never failed his admonitions at the ſame time.

Theſe letters always tended to excite in him a momentary contrition for his paſt conduct, and a conſtant reſolution of making a reform for the future—which good determination generally laſted till ſome new pleaſure—ſome ſcheme, which had the air of novelty to recommend it, came in the way. And then—ſome more occaſions were given for grave exhortations, and unavailing, becauſe not permanent, repentance.

There were however ſtill remaining ſome excellent *traits* in his character; ſome fixed principles of *meum* and *tuum*, which could

could never be overthrown, or even overpowered by the example or attempts of his diſſolute companions; but there was a careleſſneſs and almoſt indifference of the world's opinion of the exterior of his conduct, which rendered him an object of reproof to the ſober part of mankind, and almoſt juſtified their idea, that he would proceed any length for the gratification of his love for pleaſure. However, the grief which he plainly ſaw his reprehenſible life gave to his indulgent father, would frequently cauſe a tear to fall on his burning cheek—and deep regret would draw the burſting ſigh from his boſom.—Theſe ſymptoms of remorſe, however, his father ſaw not, and therefore began to think him incorrigibly bad; ſince he ſought not his own vindication, or even to contradict the unfavourable reports which too often

reached

reached his native land; his attachment insensibly weakened from these circumstances, and his heart became prepared to cast him off for ever, for an act, which in the eye of a worldly man was imprudent; yet as it was dictated by the noblest principles of honour and justice, should rather have claimed praise than reprobation. However, the old gentleman acted as many fathers have done before him, and will continue to do, and congratulate themselves, at the same time, that they have the custom of the world on their side.

Unhappily for the young traveller, now the subject of my pen, he had been thrown into a bad set on the commencement of his tour. His heart was naturally good—it was warm, generous, and grateful—these principles, properly directed, would have

done honour to the poſſeſſor—the rectitude of his heart led him to truſt indiſcriminately to others; its warmth inclined him to improper attachments, its generoſity led him to ſupport extravagance, and its gratitude induced him to be partial to thoſe who called themſelves his friends: Thus the very virtues of his heart operated to his diſadvantage, becauſe they were not under the guidance of reaſon and religion.

He ſuffered himſelf to be warmly attached to a claſs of women, with whom it is dangerous for youth to be connected, and yet difficult to avoid—they ſoon diſcovered the warmth of his heart, and by early advances inflamed its propenſities; the eaſy conqueſt however ſoon loſt its charm; but one fair form was ſucceeded by another, and theſe dangerous connec-

tions

tions contributed to debilitate his conſtitution to a degree which awakened his tutor to the fear of his death being the conſequence of his repeated irregularities. The charges he had received from his patron when he committed his darling child to his care, now flaſhed on his coward ſoul. What apologies ſhould he be able to make? Would the father be ſatisfied with the poor extenuation, that he could neither help or prevent the exceſſes of his pupil? Another, and perhaps more powerful dread aſſailed him—he ſhould loſe the benefice that had been promiſed him—there was the true cauſe of the concern he expreſſed, when he opened his eyes to behold the emaciated figure and pallid cheek of his once blooming charge. He called in a hoſt of phyſicians; and it was agreed on all hands,

that he ſhould leave the burning ſoil of Naples for the milder air of Nice.

Fear operated as well as prudence would have done—the tutor hurried him away without giving him an opportunity of taking leave of companions it had been happy he had never met; and every method was taken with the utmoſt celerity to re-eſtabliſh his health.

Proper regimen, regular hours, and a life from whence all dangerous exertions of the paſſions were excluded, in a few weeks wrought a viſible change in the perſon of the invalid; above all, he met with a ſenſible young man, with whom he contracted a friendſhip. His converſation, at once amuſing and rational, opened in the heart of our traveller a ſource of entertainment

ment to which he had before been a perfect ſtranger.

This new friend was an Engliſhman; he had accompanied his mother to the continent, in the fond hope of reſtoring health to ſo beloved a parent—this hope was divided between him and the lovely Emily, who had juſt attained her ſeventeenth year, and with him made up all the family of Mrs. Melford.

They had heard much of the ſalutary air of Nice; and flattered themſelves they ſhould ſee a length of years added to a life ſo valuable to them—In compliance with their ardent wiſhes ſhe had conſented to make this one more trial—But ſhe knew too well the nature and ſource of her diſorder, to place the leaſt confidence in change

of

of air or situation. A tender constitution joined to a heart of exquisite sensibility and delicacy, had received frequent and repeated wounds from the hand which should have cherished the one and protected the other. An undeserving husband, who had too long been the object of her tenderest love, while her better sense was forced to refuse him her esteem, had by a series of ill-usage totally broken her heart and health—His fortune dissipated, his character lost—Ruin and remorse fell upon him at once, and a guilty hand precipitated from the world, a wretch who was a disgrace to society.

Parental affection and duty rendered the afflicted Mrs. Melford just able to support life for the sake of her children—they adored her—and her son looked forward, with

with all the trembling of anxiety and hope, to the year which would put him in poſſeſſion of an eſtate, that he might, out of it, make a ſuitable proviſion for two perſons ſo inexpreſſibly dear to him as his mother and ſiſter.

To that period he now wanted barely ſix weeks—the writings were already drawn, and he reſolved, the moment after returning thanks to that Being who allowed him to behold the morning which would bleſs him with the means of being inſtrumental to the happineſs and convenience of thoſe dear objects, to complete their ſecurity from pecuniary wants; they having at preſent but a bare competency, which would ceaſe on the death of Mrs. Melford, her inconſiderate huſband having ſold the reverſion of it. Thus was the Melford

family

family situated when our traveller became acquainted with it, from the vicinity of their lodgings.

The saintlike resignation of the mother, the duteous attention of the son and daughter, and the beauty of the latter, which was rendered more interesting from the soft apprehension of her mother's danger, gave birth to, or rather awakened sentiments of purity in his bosom he had never experienced before—He beheld them with a reverential awe—and while the scene he contemplated daily made him detest the former irregularities of his life, it gave him a relish for superior enjoyment.

The uncomplaining sufferings of Mrs. Melford was as a mental moralist—all his follies

follies vaniſhed; and he never knew ſe-renity or comfort but in their ſociety.

Eager to procure any amuſement for her ſon, Mrs. Melford rejoiced in the growing friendſhip between theſe young men, and frequently promoted little ex-curſions for them; while the beauteous Emily devoted her whole time to the taſk moſt pleaſing to her gentle and affectionate heart, that of affording comfort to her ſick parent.

The health of our traveller, who, to prevent confuſion, I ſhall call Mr. Harley, was now perfectly reſtored. But one more week remained of young Melford's mino-rity; and, to render their joy more exqui-ſite, his mother ſeemed to be mending; ſome of her complaints had left her, and

more

more flattering ſymptoms appeared; happy hope now almoſt had reached certainty; their boſoms expanded, and Harley took a ſincere intereſt in the approaching welfare of the Melford family.

The young friends had engaged in a party, who were going to take the diverſion of ſhooting a particular kind of wild fowl, much admired in that part of Italy.

The amended looks of Mrs. Melford had given an hilarity of ſpirits, and a glow to the countenance of the lovely Emily, which communicated itſelf in a greater degree to the heart of her excellent mother, than ſhe had for years diſcovered. She anticipated the joy of ſeeing her beloved children ſecured from the pangs of want and

and dependance, and even talked of ſome alterations they would make in the old manſion of their forefathers, and ſettled ſome arrangements in their future eſtabliſhment.

The evening was particularly fine—“ I “ think I have ſtrength, my love,” cried Mrs. Melford, “ even with your arm, to “ reach our favourite alcove: there we will “ wait the return of Henry; and do, my “ dear girl, order your guittar to be carried “ thither; it will be a ſweet accompani-“ ment to its trembling ſtrings to have “ your plaintive notes re-echoed by the “ gentle breeze.”

Not long had they been ſeated in this delightful retreat, enjoying all that innocence could beſtow, ere doleful cries and

dreadful ſhrieks at once aſſailed their ears, and terrified their hearts. Emily threw down her inſtrument, and involuntarily clung round her trembling mother, who had ſtarted on her feet, with a countenance of the utmoſt diſmay. From the ſeat they had a view of the road which led up to the houſe, and from which they were not two hundred yards. Through this opening they beheld a concourſe of people running, and amongſt the crowd too plainly diſcerned the bleeding corpſe of ſome ill-fated wretch, ſupported by four gentlemen whom they knew to be of the party which went forth in the morning, with all the joy of youth fluſhed with hope. The name of Melford reſounded from all quarters.

"It is my ſon! Oh, God! it is my "ſon!" exclaimed the frantic mother; and

burſting from the enervate arms of the fainting Emily, flew acroſs the garden, juſt reached the mangled corpſe, eſſayed to claſp it in her arms, ſhrieked out his loved name, ſunk down, and expired.

With looks as wild and death-like, but with ſtrength a little leſs exhauſted, the forlorn Emily threw herſelf between the bodies of thoſe who were dearer to her than life, as if ſhe meant no more to be reckoned an inhabitant of a world now become a deſert to her. The officious and indeed neceſſary care of thoſe about her bore her to her chamber, where repeated faintings left her leſs ſenſible, for a time, to the poignancy of her ſufferings and loſs.

It is time to account for the fatal accident which had deprived an amiable youth of

of his life, accelerated the death of the most excellent of mothers, and cut off the once blooming and ever innocent Emily from every support—leaving her the heiress of her father's indiscretion and her mother's misfortunes—totally unprovided for, in a strange country, unknown, unprotected! And all this complicated scene of woe was the work of one moment. That hand was doomed to do the direful deed, whose heart most loved the unhappy sufferers! that heart, which had frequently melted at the view of uncomplaining innocence, and which had cherished the utmost veneration for the mother, friendship for the son, and still more than friendship for the lovely daughter—that heart was now fated to deplore the anguish the erring hand had occasioned!

All the day Melford and Harley had wandered together in purſuit of their game, ſide by ſide, "mingling ſweet converſe." The former, toward the cloſe of their ſport, propoſed a ſeparation. They had juſt parted, when a ſingle bird flew up: eager for the prize, Harley levelled his piece. At that fatal moment Melford came within its range, and the whole charge lodged in his body. He fell. "It was an accident," he faintly cried; "dear Harley, I forgive "you! Comfort my mother! Oh, my "poor Emily!"

The ſurrounding party could ſcarcely prevent the wretched Harley from executing a ſpeedy vengeance on himſelf, to the *manes* of his murdered friend. He raved, he threatened: they confined his hands, both for their own and his ſafety; but

but the remonſtrance of one had infinitely more weight than the arguments (which were merely common-place, on this moſt uncommon occaſion) of all the reſt put together.

" Will you not then make all the repa-
" ration you can to the diſtreſſed mother
" and ſiſter of our unhappy ill-fated friend?
" Did he not with his dying breath exhort
" you to comfort them? Live then, Har-
" ley! be the ſon and brother you have
" unfortunately deprived them of; ſooth
" their ſorrows, protect their unguarded
" ſituation, and act as he would have done,
" who in one ſhort moment is torn from
" their arms!

" We ſhall all bear a mournful teſti-
" mony of your innocence; the ill-fated

"victim of accident has forgiven you. Do "not then give way to despair, and add "deliberate murder, to atone for unfore-"seen error. It is from you they must "look for protection: they have now a "kind of natural claim upon it; nor must "you withhold it."

"I will not, I will not," cried he, in all the agony of unavailing grief; "dear "are they to my sad heart. Oh, loved "companion!" continued he, falling by the body of his mangled friend, and kissing his pale cheek, "has my disastrous hand "deprived thee of existence? an existence, "to preserve which I would freely have "laid down my life. Dost thou for-"give thy murderer? And hast thou be-"queathed thy hapless mother and beloved "sister to the man who shortened thy days?

"I ac-

"I accept the solemn bequest from thy "cold hand. She is *my* mother: Emily "shall be mine too. Yes, beloved friend! "yes, dearest Melford! here on thy breath- "less body I swear it. And may the curse "of heaven fall on me, if, from this "moment, their honour, their interest, are "ever separated from my own!"

With difficulty the mutual friends of the dead Melford and almost distracted Harley prevailed on the latter to allow them to begin their mournful procession to the lodgings of the unfortunate youth. Their minds were too much interested in the recent event, to form any plan of communicating to, or concealing from, the wretched relatives, the fatal circumstance. A domestic of Melford's first gave the alarm; which was followed by those cries that

reached the unhappy parent and ſiſter, and brought about the ſpeedy death of the former, leaving the latter a truly forlorn ſurvivor.

For three weeks the life of the orphan Emily ſeemed hanging by a thread, which each moment was in danger of being ſevered for ever. Harley, in mute anguiſh, bent over the drooping flower, bereft of its root and ſupport, ſcarcely ever quitting her bed-ſide, but to give vent to a violent burſt of grief, when often in the paroxyſms of her delirium ſhe called him by the endearing titles ſhe uſed to give her brother; that brother which his unhappy hand had ſent to an untimely grave.

But, though his heart and ſoul dwelt with Emily, Harley neglected not what

was requiſite for thoſe he ſo deeply deplored. He gave orders for the funerals of the deceaſed; in which buſineſs he had much difficulty to encounter, as they were proteſtants. However, money loſes not its value in thoſe countries any more than with us: and as money was no object with him, only as it procured him pleaſure and gratification, and the ſhewing honour to his friends was now the ruling paſſion of his heart, he ſpared no coſt in giving thoſe, whom he ceaſed not to call the victims of his want of care, a more than decent interment; placing a ſtone over their common grave, denoting their misfortune and virtues.

When Emily became thoroughly ſenſible of her real ſtate of diſtreſs, ſhe gave herſelf up to the moſt deplorable melancholy.

choly. The ſad proſpect that opened on her view was in itſelf enough to terrify one of her ſex and age. She inherited, from conſtitution, habit, and education, a delicacy that left her very unequal to the ſtruggles which penury and an unprotected ſtate are liable to experience. When Harley devoted himſelf to her, he meant religiouſly to perform the offices of parent, brother, and guardian. His compaſſion, and, above all, the conſciouſneſs of being the prime cauſe of her misfortunes, endeared her more ſtrongly to his heart. He had vowed, in ſecret, his hand ſhould likewiſe be devoted to her; yet he dreaded her averſeneſs to bleſſing the man, whoſe hand had torn all her comforts from her. His ſituation was peculiarly diſtreſſing: however, what he could do, he delayed not. He had written to his father for a

ſupply

ſupply of caſh; and, as ſoon as it arrived, he purchaſed in the Italian funds an annuity on the life of Emily, which, although inadequate to the ſtate of life ſhe was born in, was yet ſufficient to keep her above want. He found much difficulty in prevailing on her to accept this; and which ſhe would receive on no other terms, than the power of relinquiſhing it at pleaſure. She ſtill hoped the heir to her deceaſed brother's eſtates would have ſo much honour as to make proviſion for her when he ſhould ſee what were her brother's intentions towards her, and be told how very deſtitute his death had left her. For which purpoſe ſhe reſolved to write to him, incloſing the ſtill unſigned inſtrument.

It was impoſſible for a heart accuſtomed to tenderneſs, and which had ſuddenly been

deprived of the objects of it, to be long insensible of the extreme attention and delicate solicitude of such a man as Harley; and indeed Emily had been so long used to receive pleasure and consolation from his conversation, that soon his conversation alone could procure her any comfort. Each hour of his absence was an aching void; even her tears and grief for her lost friends afforded no relief to her heart, unless his were mingled with them: they became insensibly all the world to each other; and every other consideration was lost in that of contributing to the comfort and consolation of each other.

I have remarked, that Harley had left Naples suddenly, and the cause has been likewise recorded: but the busy tongue of fame had given another reason than the

true

true one; and the diſappearance of a very beautiful, but very abandoned courtezan, at the ſame time, gave riſe to a report of their having quitted that city together.

A young Engliſhman, who returned about that period to his native iſle, mentioned this ſurmiſe among many other too true inſtances of depravity in Harley; which reached his father's ears juſt as his mind was a little diſturbed by the large ſum of money he had drawn, to enable him to place his beloved Emily in ſome degree of independence.

Inſtead of writing to his ſon, to know the truth of this calumny, he made private inquiry of the tutor about the connection he feared Harley had formed with one of *the painted jays of Italy*. The tutor, who

had long beheld the beauties of Emily as a glutton does a favourite morfel he is eager to deftroy, hoped to be able to break the bonds he faw were forming; and then, as fhe would be reduced to the utmoft exigency, he might ftand a better chance of fuccefs; thus, wolf-like, enjoying in idea the pleafure he fhould reap at the expence of the honour and happinefs of the innocent Emily, he rejoiced at the poifon he difcovered to have made fome progrefs in the breaft of the old gentleman, and quickly refolved to aid it all he could. He returned an artful, well-feigned letter, wherein he lamented the fatal fnare into which his pupil, contrary to his admonitory advice, had fuffered himfelf to be entangled: that he much feared the infidious feducer would never quit him, till his marriage, and confequently his ruin, was ef-

fected:

fected: that he, the tutor, was on the point of writing to Mr. Harley, to obtain leave for returning home, as his ſtay only ſerved to mortify himſelf, by being expoſed to inſult for ſeeking to prevent a miſchief he feared could only be prevented by an immediate command from the father to return home—inſinuating the plea of ill health was no more than a pretence, as in Naples he could not inſure to himſelf the intire poſſeſſion of his ſyren.

This fabricated letter from the vile tutor occaſioned a very ſevere one to Harley. His father, in general terms, reprobated the whole of his conduct; and aſſured him, he ſhould overlook his almoſt unpardonable indiſcretions on no other terms than his immediate compliance with two conditions; namely, his quitting the continent directly,

directly, and giving his hand, on his return, to a lady he had long ſince fixed on for his wife.

Ignorant of the treachery which had been practiſed againſt him by his tutor, he delayed not a moment informing him of the very ſtrange and unuſual letter he had juſt received. The ſecret joy which dilated the heart of the incendiary had no other effect on his phlegmatic features, than a cold ſmile. Harley's honeſt unſuſpecting heart felt a chagrin he could not conceal, on finding the man who had ever profeſſed the utmoſt regard, receive ſuch intelligence ſo coolly. His queſtions were urged with ſo much warmth, that at laſt the hypocrite was thrown off his guard: a quarrel enſued; and Harley, ſick of the conteſt, and eager to behold his loved Emily, haſtily

haſtily quitted the lodgings to ſeek conſolation in the endearing tenderneſs of his ſoul's darling.

She turned pale at the relation he made her, both of his father's letter, and recent altercation with the tutor. With horror ſhe now recollected the many obſcure hints he had given her of his odious paſſion; but above all ſhe trembled at the reſolution of Harley's father. Till that moment ſhe never thought a ſeparation from him on whom her eyes delighted to dwell, would be neceſſary. To live in his ſight---to hear his voice---to converſe with him---It was all the happineſs ſhe wiſhed for. But to be deprived of this! Again ſhe felt the fatal ſtroke which robbed her of her mother and brother; her wounds

wounds bled afreſh; her face was drowned in tears, nor could ſhe articulate a word.

The ſoothing accents of Harley, which once had power to calm her griefs, were now urged in vain.—All the horror and diſtreſs of her helpleſs ſituation appeared in true colours. Sickneſs and accumulated ſorrow had before prevented her opening her eyes to the impropriety of being ſecluded from all the world, and though not living under the ſame roof, yet receiving protection from a young man too amiable to be beheld without an affection at once dangerous to her peace and injurious to her reputation. Convinced of the painful neceſſity herſelf, ſhe had juſt ſtrength enough to urge their immediate

ſeparation.

ſeparation. Her health but barely eſtabliſhed would render a journey to England extremely hazardous. But he was called thither by the abſolute command of his parent, and ſhe conjured him, as he valued her eternal welfare, to ſet out immediately to fulfil the obligations he had ever acknowledged due to his father.

Harley was too much attached to attend to the reaſoning of Emily.—Not that he did not feel and allow the full force of her arguments; but thoſe very arguments operated as ſo many powerful cauſes for his adhering to his firſt intentions of uniting her deſtiny to his own: ſhe was friendleſs, portionleſs, and unprotected. Her character (which he afterwards found had its principal traducer in the tutor) was ſpoken

ſpoken doubtfully of. His viſits, which were daily, and the intereſt he took in her concerns, had cauſed the ſlander of malice to have ſome colour. Did he not owe her reparation? That ſhe was *friendleſs*, *portionleſs*, and *unprotected*, was his misfortune; for he had made her ſo. Nay, his very ſervice had contributed to her loſs of fame. How could theſe injuries be repaired but by his becoming her legal protector? All his rhetoric then was employed to convince her no time ſhould be loſt in determining now what ought to be done; there was but one way, and to engage her compliance he failed not to uſe that too-common plea, that his father would *forgive* what he could not *prevent*; and that he ſhould eaſily convince him how much he was bound by honour to act as he had done. He failed not too, with all th[illegible]

fond

fond partiality of a lover, to aſſure her, that as ſoon as his father ſhould behold her beauty, and on a nearer acquaintance, be convinced, as himſelf was, that her mind even ſurpaſſed her perſon, he would, with him, almoſt, bleſs the occaſion which had united them.

The generous pleading of a lover, beloved as Harley was, will but too often have the ſame influence.—Silenced, if not convinced, Emily no longer oppoſed his wiſhes, and that very evening gave him poſſeſſion of her hand, as he had long before engroſſed all the tenderneſs of the heart of this amiable unfortunate girl.

He was too much diſguſted with his [illegible], to acquaint him with his marriage, but ſlightly took leave of him the next day,

day, without entering into any converſa-tion

By eaſy ſtages, in which he conſulted the debilitated ſtate of his loved Emily's health, he proſecuted his *route* towards England. As it was his intereſt to be there as ſoon as poſſible, they made but ſhort ſtay at the principal towns and cities through which they paſſed: the gaieties even of Paris detained them not. From thence he wrote to his father, ſaying at what time he hoped to have the happi-neſs of throwing himſelf at his feet, and on a true relation of what had paſſed, he doubted not receiving his parental for-giveneſs and bleſſing, which it ſhould be the future buſineſs of his life to deſerve. He thought it better to defer the news of his matrimonial engagement, till by ſtat-

ing the particulars of the melancholy ſtory, he had ſecured an intereſt in his father's heart for his dear Emily.

To ſtrengthen his eloquence, he determined to apply to an Aunt who was a great favourite with the old gentleman, and who had even much influence over him, in conſequence of her having once given him a piece of advice in a law-ſuit, by which he had gained a conſiderable acceſſion of fortune. Harley, in his boyiſh years, was much beloved by this Aunt, and he reſolved to pay her a viſit, immediately on his arrival in England, confiding his beloved wife to her care, till he obtained permiſſion to carry her to the ſeat of his father.

Ever ſanguine, and now happy in the

poſſeſſion of a woman formed to inſpire the trueſt tenderneſs, and flattering himſelf that his father muſt approve his choice, the hours flew gaily on; and he had even taught his Emily to ſmile with cheerful hope.

Deluſive hope! how tranſient thy viſits! how deceitful thy ſmiles!

> "The ſpider's moſt attenuated thread
> "Is cord, is cable, to man's weaker tie
> "On human bliſs."

On their arrival in London, Harley proceeded to Leiceſter-Fields, the reſidence of his Aunt. He left his wife in the chaiſe, and his name was announced. As he aſcended the ſtairs, he heard his name

repeated

repeated with no pleaſant ſound. "Har-
"ley! what brings him hither? why does
"he come to me?"

"Becauſe," cried he, "there is but "one woman in the world who is dearer "to me than my Aunt;" ſaying which, he made but one ſtep from the door to the upper end of the drawing-room, to catch her in his arms. Her cold reſtrained air, and ſable dreſs, ſtruck him at once. With a petrifying voice and repelling hand ſhe told him, "If to trample over the body "of his father, and inſult his aſhes, "were all he wanted, his preſence in her "ſight was as unpleaſing as unneceſſary. "Go," ſhe continued, "go to this wo-"man, to whom you do me the honour "of being ſecond in your regard; go to "her, and tell her how much you have

" ſacrificed at her ſhrine: go, and boaſt
" that you have ſent your aged father with
" ſorrow to his grave; and in her arms
" ſeek conſolation for the beggary and
" curſes which are now all your inherit-
" ance."

Harley with difficulty ſtaggered to a ſopha, and more dead than alive, ſunk down upon it. He ſat motionleſs ſome time, nor did he perceive his Aunt had left the room till ſome minutes after. His head turned giddy, but he had ſtill recollection enough to remember he had left his Emily in the chaiſe at the door; and he found too forcibly he was an unwelcome viſitor. By the baluſtrade he ſupported his trembling limbs; and with a face, pale as deſpair could make it, he haſtily threw himſelf into the chaiſe, bid-

ding the poſt-boys drive to an hotel in the neighbourhood.

His agitation was too viſible to eſcape the obſervation of Emily;—her ſpirits took the alarm, and ſhe ſat in a fearful dread of hearing ſomething bad. He ſpake not a word. After a few minutes ſilence, ſhe ventured to take his hand, and with a voice ſoftened by terror and tenderneſs, inquired what new cauſe had ariſen to make ſuch an alteration in his countenance: "Is your Aunt ill?" ſhe aſked.

"Yes," he replied, with a ſigh that ſeemed to rive his boſom.

"Are you going to your father?"

"No; oh, no;" cried he, with an agonizing groan.

"Oh Harley," ſaid Emily, burſting into tears, and ſinking her head on his ſhoulder, "what am I to think of all this? "Is it thus we are received? Is this the "flattering proſpect you were a few hours "ſince painting to my enchanted view? "Will you not ſpeak to me?"

"I cannot;---too ſoon will you know "all."

By this time the chaiſe ſtopped; the unhappy pair could ſcarcely ſupport each other into a room; when Harley, who had no longer command over himſelf, gave vent to all the anguiſh that tore his heart-

heart-ſtrings,—throwing himſelf on the floor, daſhing his head againſt it, and exclaiming in all the bitterneſs of language on the cruelty of his fate.

Half breathleſs, and dying with the dread of ſhe knew not what, the poor pale Emily ſunk down by his ſide, incapable of affording him conſolation, or even articulating a word of inquiry. In the midſt of his own anguiſh he ſaw and pitied hers. He ſtarted on his feet, and though his looks were wild and deſpairing, he gently raiſed her, and placing her on a chair, bade her have ſome comfort. "You," cried he, "you are not a beggar, nor do you "labour under the curſes of a dying pa- "rent."

"Oh!" ſhe exclaimed, "I am doubly

"and trebly ſo, if I have occaſioned ſuch "misfortunes to you. It is I alone have "cauſed theſe evils,—deareſt, beſt loved "of men," ſhe continued, ſinking on her knees before him, "can you, can you "forgive your Emily, and taking me to "your boſom infuſe ſome comfort there, "to keep my poor heart from breaking?"

He folded her in his arms, aſſuring her ſhe was more dear to him than ever; then ſtarting from her, he raved againſt the uncommon hardſhips he endured; ſwore he would go to his father's houſe—nay, to his grave, and demand what he had done, to be conſigned to beggary and perdition!

Emily too plainly ſaw his head was diſturbed, even to the diſlodgment of his

reaſon.

reaſon. This was a call upon her more particularly to exert herſelf. She begged of Heaven to grant her ſufficient ſtrength of mind to ſupport this heavy affliction, and to enable her to afford ſome conſolation to her beloved huſband. She ſoothed him by her endearing careſſes, and at laſt prevailed on him to lie down on a bed.

She requeſted a phyſician of eminence to be ſent for, who had ſome knowledge of her family, and to him ſhe related the little ſhe knew of the cauſe of Harley's phrenzy. His name was well-known to the doctor, who had indeed heard many particulars relative to the old gentleman's death. He was extremely ſurpriſed to ſee in the wife of Harley, a young lady whoſe character and connections he was already ſo well acquainted with.

After ordering a copious bleeding of his patient, he recommended their immediate removal to convenient lodgings, as being a more eligible ſituation than a public hotel. He kindly undertook the whole arrangement himſelf, obſerving the incapacity both of Harley and his wife; the former from diſorder, and the latter from grief conſequent on it.

In the evening he called again, and had ſome converſation with poor Emily, which afforded a ſhadow of comfort to her careworn heart.

He told her, old Harley had been groſsly impoſed on by falſe repreſentations, which he believed came from the tutor of her huſband, and who arrived in England three weeks before them: of this he was now

fully convinced, as the report was, the wife of Harley was an Italian courtezan of the moſt infamous character, who had inſtigated him to fight a duel with one of her former lovers; and who, it had been reported, was unfairly killed; though the matter had been made up, by large ſums of money properly applied.

Emily could but lift up her hands and eyes at the falſity of this relation, which could be equalled only by the villainy of the inventor. The doctor aſſured her he now diſcredited each part of it, as ſo material a one had been overthrown which he was able to contradict. "And I wiſh moſt "heartily," he added, "the old gentleman "had lived to be convinced of the falſehood "of that diabolical raſcal, who has certainly

"been the cauſe of his death, and the re-
"probation of his once favourite ſon."

"Oh, my God!" cried Emily, with ſtreaming eyes, "do but reſtore the reaſon "and health of the deareſt, moſt injured "of men, and to all the evils of poverty I "will ſubmit with reſignation, and praiſe "the Power that has mingled bleſſings "with its chaſtiſements!"

"I truſt," ſaid the doctor, "in a little "time our patient will be ſufficiently com- "poſed to receive conſolation, from the "conviction that his father would never "have denounced ſo ſevere a curſe, but in "conſequence of miſinformation. When "his reaſon and ſtrength of mind is re- "eſtabliſhed, from conſcious innocence, "he

" he will feel the anathema much lighten-
" ed; and, indeed, I think it an unnatural
" exertion of parental authority, which
" cannot be reconciled to religion or rea-
" ſon."

Emily declared ſhe was much comforted, and, in the ſimplicity of her heart, added, ſhe hoped the brother of Mr. Harley (when the truth fully appeared, and which ſhe was certain would reflect honour on his character) would take his unhappy caſe in conſideration, and give him, at leaſt, a younger brother's portion. It is happy for the human heart, that it can thus derive comfort to itſelf, though from a ſhadow, as it certainly enables it better to bear the preſent weight of evil, and time may blunt the edge of that which we thus ſhift off to a future day.

This hope of Emily was juſt of the nature of that ſhe had formed on another occaſion, when ſhe doubted not the heir of *her* brother would commiſerate her, and do in part for her, out of *juſtice*, what her brother had intended from motives of affection.

The doctor, who knew the world, and had felt too many pulſes, to be ignorant of the motives which actuate men in general, at the ſame time that he was unwilling to knock down the little fabric ſhe had erected, to repoſe upon too ſuddenly, yet could not help obſerving, he feared men were more religiouſly diſpoſed to adhere to a vow, by which tenure they held large poſſeſſions, than to any other; that four thouſand pounds per annum and great perſonalities coming unexpectedly to a man, was more apt to contract, than expand his heart.

How-

However, he would by no means difcourage the hope, which, as it was founded on the idea of the younger Harley being a man of honour and a Chriftian, reflected the higheft honour on the amiable heart that fuggefted it.

He begged her to reft fatisfied, that whatever he could do fhould be urged in their behalf; and that he would early the next day wait on Harley's aunt, who was a woman that would hear reafon.

After receiving the moft grateful thanks from Emily, he began to give an account of the death of the old gentleman. It has been obferved, that his fon's ill conduct had for fome time weakened the excefs of fondnefs he had ever indulged towards him, and which fome well-managed inu-

endos

endos from the younger Harley, and a long abſence, contributed ſo much to, as to render him diſpoſed to believe any unfavourable repreſentation.

When the infamous tutor arrived with a tale ready dreſt up for the already prejudiced father, the ſhock was ſo great, that an apoplexy was the immediate conſequence: he recovered only to have ſtrength to alter his will, to cut him off with a ſhilling, and to imprecate the heavieſt curſes on his head. To mitigate the ſeverity of ſuch a procedure, the reader muſt recollect the provocation he appeared to have given his father. He had been told his ſon had drawn for very large ſums under a falſe pretence—(That he had drawn for theſe ſums, was a truth; and the vile tutor gave the falſe colouring to it.)—that he had em-

brued

brued his hands in blood, even that of his friend, which broke the heart of the young man's mother; and that he had married an infamous ſtrumpet, whom he meant to palm on his father as a woman of virtue: that great part of his money was expended in cruſhing the evidence of thoſe who knew the unfairneſs of the duel, and that his more lawful debts were left unſatisfied. This intelligence, to a man of ſtrong paſſions, would produce ſtrong effects. Choked with rage, and hardly able to utter his bitter curſes, he fell to the ground in a fit. In the firſt moments of his diſappointed hopes, he had ſworn he would cut him off from his fortune and family; and, it is ſaid, care was taken to have a lawyer follow the heels of the ſurgeon inſtantly. There was no kind mediating friend to interpoſe; no one to hint that, perhaps, things had been exaggerated,

gerated, and that the tutor ſhewed more of rancour againſt the abſent Harley, than affection for the family, in the account he gave: on the contrary, the turpitude and flagitiouſneſs of his crimes were held up in the moſt deteſtable light, and nothing was wanting to accelerate the buſineſs which deprived an unfortunate and injured man of his indubitable right in the poſſeſſions of his forefathers; and, while it reduced him to a ſtate of penury, loaded him with the reflection, that the laſt breath of his parent expired in bitter curſes on his de-devoted head!

The doctor was very aſſiduous in his attendance on his patient, acting in every capacity as phyſician, divine and moral comforter. But the blow had ſtricken too

near the heart of Harley. And let his fate be a warning to every young person, to keep in the strait path of rectitude! His innocence of the more material and basest charges might, and probably would, have enabled him to struggle with poverty and its concomitant evils: but, alas! though innocent in these instances, he yet had been guilty of many vices; and he read his crimes in his punishment. Young men are too apt to flatter themselves, that the hurry and vivacity with which the natural flow and indulgence of their passions urge them to rush into excesses, carry their excuses with them. A sick bed, however, will always shew them their actions in a true light: the fallacy of their opinions, the absurdity of their doctrines, will then appear in their proper colours, divested of the prejudice of passion, or the arts of sophistry;

phistry; and they will turn away their disgusted eyes, with horror, from the sad picture their frailties hold up to their affrighted view.

Thus fared it with poor Harley! In the height of his fever he raved incessantly in all the horror of despair; his conscience charging him with a thousand acts, which now shook his soul with terror. It was the task of the humane physician to speak peace to him, and in part he succeeded. He easily prevailed on his aunt to visit his chamber, which afforded him a very visible comfort. His intervals of sense, however, were fewer and shorter each day; yet he failed not in every one to recommend his adored Emily to the protection of Heaven, and such friends as could bestow it on her.

It is impoſſible to deſcribe her affliction; but yet it was increaſed by finding herſelf in a ſituation that, in happier times, would have been a circumſtance of added delight.

As women, and particularly ſingle ones of a certain age, are apt to be curious in their inquiries on their firſt interview, poor Emily had been aſked if ſhe was in an increaſing way, in a manner that threw her into the utmoſt confuſion; and being confirmed, in what ſhe dreaded to be the caſe, by the ſagacious old lady, felt a new ſource of diſtreſs in reflecting that ſhe ſhould produce an unfortunate being into the world, to be the heir of poverty, and joint heir of ſorrow and affliction.

The doctor seeing no shadow of hope for his poor patient, began to prepare the unhappy Emily for the event which he foresaw would happen within the course of a few hours. Heavy as had been the trials of this young creature, her heart felt this stroke as if it was the first arrow from the quiver of misfortune. But yet it was *borne*, and it was *survived!* Heaven endued her with fortitude; and, moreover, gave her the sweetest of all consolations, a conviction that her beloved was reconciled to his God, before he was snatched from her eyes for ever!

From the scene of death, Emily was removed to Leicester-fields, where the aunt of the departed Harley used every consolatory expedient in the same words, in the

the ſame mode, and with the ſame effects, as have been practiſed from time immemorial.

A ſettled and habitual melancholy hung over the features of the forlorn widow.—I have heard Alfred ſay, he never knew her to laugh in his life. A faint ſmile would now and then illumine her face, like the tranſient lightning in a ſummer's ſky, and as quickly vaniſh.

She continued to live with the old lady till the death of the latter, which happened when Alfred had attained his fourth year; and of whom ſhe had ever expreſſed the utmoſt affection, always declaring ſhe would, as much as was in her power, repair the injury his father had ſuſtained in the loſs of fortune. Such might probably

be her intention; but, unfortunately, he was not her heir at law, and ſhe was indolent, or ſuperſtitiouſly apprehended her death would immediately follow, if ſhe made a will, that that proviſion was never ſecured; ſo that her demiſe, which was ſudden, threw the poor little Alfred deſtitute on the world, except what his unfortunate mother could ſave from her annuity.

She had made frequent applications to her own family, many of whom lived in ſplendour. Thoſe related to her by the mother's ſide were not ſparing of their cenſures on the conduct of both; they had both been unfortunate: and thoſe who did not chooſe to ſoften her misfortunes, ſheltered themſelves behind the kindneſs they would have ſhewn, if ſhe had deſerved it by being prudent.

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From the brother of her dear Harley ſhe had even leſs expectation; and ſuch had been his unfraternal behaviour, that abject ſlavery would have been preferred to relief from that quarter.

A diſtant relation, however, took up the cauſe of the widow and the fatherleſs. An old gentleman in the North offered her an aſylum in his houſe, and undertook the education and eſtabliſhment of her ſon. That her beloved child ſhould not be left totally deſtitute and unprovided for by her death, ſhe ſold her annuity for leſs than two thirds of what it originally coſt, and veſted the ſum in the funds for his uſe, when Heaven ſhould pleaſe to remove her from a world that had beſtowed on her a more than equal portion of its diſcomforts.

To a mind ſenſible, delicate, and torn with repeated ſorrows, as Emily's was, a quiet retreat, where ſhe could have indulged her melancholy propenſities, which led her conſtantly to deplore the loſs of thoſe loved connections ſhe had been ſo ſuddenly and cruelly deprived of, would have been "a conſummation devoutly to "be wiſhed." But we are not the carvers of our own fortunes; and any ſituation that promiſed ſecurity to her ſon, from farther and future want, was gladly embraced by her.

Mr. Nelſon ſeemed charmed both with the mother and child; and as he liked ſociety himſelf, could not conſent they ſhould retire from it. Indeed, Mrs. Harley had too much ſenſe not to know it was her intereſt to ſacrifice her own feelings on this

occaſion; and likewiſe it was the intereſt of her child, a much dearer conſideration than her own, that he ſhould mix in a world on which he had no other claim for its attention, than by complying with the cuſtoms of it.

At a proper age Alfred was placed at a public ſchool, and from the mode of his education (no expence being ſpared), Emily was almoſt inclined to flatter herſelf, that the ſurmiſes of their acquaintance were juſt, and that Mr. Nelſon meant him for his heir. However, to prevent future diſappointment, and arm his young mind againſt encouraging a hope that might, from the known capriciouſneſs of old age, and various circumſtances, be totally without foundation, Mrs. Harley related to Alfred every incident previous to his birth.

She infufed into his bofom a fpirit of independence, to ftimulate him to make every poffible improvement, that he might have it fooner in his power to do fomething for himfelf, if accident or any other caufe fhould deprive him of the patronage of Mr. Nelfon—always infpiring him with the deepeft gratitude to that friend, who fo bountifully beftowed benefits upon him that could never be wrefted from him, but in every fituation of life would be productive of pleafure and ufe.

Young and handfome as fhe was, it is rather wonderful fhe fhould not have been often folicited to enter into a fecond engagement: but whether fhe early made known her fixed intention of never changing her ftate, or whether the luftre of her

beauty

beauty was tarniſhed by her tears, or that in the round of viſitors there happened to be no one who was charmed with a *Niobe*, has not been cleared up. Alfred has declared, he never heard her ſpeak of any man but her huſband and brother; and he believes, except himſelf, ſhe never looked two moments together on any of the ſex.

Her piety, her reſignation, and tender love for him, were uniform, warm, and rational. She ſeemed to have been in the poet's mind, when he perſonified Melancholy;

"With leaden eye, that loves the ground."

But, though ſad, ſhe was never gloomy, and would exert herſelf to vary the amuſements of Mr. Nelſon (whom ſhe eſteemed as a parent) and of her ſon, whom ſhe

doated on, but yet never indulged in the follies which young mothers are too apt to comply with, from a falſe affection.

It certainly would have relieved her mind from a great and natural inquietude, had Mr. Nelſon made ſome ſettlement on Alfred, or declared what his intentions were towards him. By his education and allowance (for the old gentleman regulated all theſe matters as if he was born to the inheritance of the firſt eſtates in the kingdom), he was enabled to aſſociate with boys of the higheſt conſequence; a circumſtance which often filled the heart of Mrs. Harley with dread, leſt he ſhould contract a taſte for the great world, when perhaps his fortune might be little more than the poor pittance ſhe had been able, from the ſale of her annuity, and ſub-

ſequent ſavings, to collect together for him.

She made him clearly underſtand how little he was entitled to figure in the ſtyle he now moved in, and how neceſſary poſſeſſions are, to ſtamp a value on merit, which is too often overlooked in obſcurity; that every thing he had was a gift from the bounty of Mr. Nelſon; that it was by no means permanent, or his by any other tenure than the will of the donor: ſhe convinced him of the extenſiveneſs of his obligations, though they ſhould ceaſe ſooner, and without that termination which he might flatter himſelf would be the conſequence; ſince the advantage of a liberal education could never fail him; from thence he would derive a ſource of utility and pleaſure, that would accompany

him to his lateſt days, and provide him the means of maintaining himſelf with honour and credit, ſhould all other reſources be removed from him.

These admonitory lectures had, no doubt, their due weight with a lad of good underſtanding, and well diſpoſed, as Alfred was. He revered, he idolized his mother, and wiſhed for an independent fortune for nothing ſo much as to convince her of his affection, by placing her in a ſituation moſt congenial to her turn of mind.

There was a ſingularity of character in Mr. Nelſon, which, although Mrs. Harley, who was all compliance and attention, never pointed out to her ſon, yet ſoon became viſible to him. He had fixed prin-

ciples of what he thought right and wrong, which it was not an eaſy taſk to make him recede from, notwithſtanding they ſeldom ſquared with the opinion of others: it was ſufficient they were the children of his fancy, to adopt them with all the zeal that could inflame a martyr. Mrs. Harley never ſought to combat them: Alfred would now and then enter his *caveat* againſt *outré* prejudices; but reſpect to a look of diſapprobation from his mother would check him on the inſtant; though he ſometimes felt great difficulty in concealing his chagrin, when the old gentleman (who eſteemed charity even in an higher degree than St. Paul himſelf, as his creed was, that it did not only *cover*, but *cancel* a multitude of ſins) would unpleaſantly enough give proofs of his predilection for that virtue, by inſtancing how

 much

much he had done for perſons ſo diſtantly related to him as the Harleys.

Emily conſidered theſe little *traits* in his character as no other than the taxes we are obliged to pay to government for its protection; they are evils, but every one muſt ſubmit to them. She felt more for him, than for herſelf, on theſe occaſions, as ſhe feared his opinions would make him a ſubject of ridicule to thoſe who, though they would laugh at his foibles, would never take example from his virtues. She well knew he meant not to diſtreſs any one, notwithſtanding he could not reſiſt the vanity of erecting a temporary throne for his own praiſe.

In the ſeries of years they had lived together, he never once mentioned any future

future plan for Alfred; which indeed gave her more true concern than a thousand particularities in his conduct could have done. He was now eighteen, and nothing yet had been propofed; when one day fhe affumed courage to hint, that as he had received fo accomplifhed an education, fhe was half inclined to have him introduced to his uncle Harley.

"What!" interrupted the old gentleman quickly, "to have him take the boy "out of my hands, and have the credit of "his firft appearance in life?"

Mrs. Harley trembled at the eagernefs of Mr. Nelfon, and haftily juftified herfelf from fuch an idea; adding, her only intention was, that he might blufh for having thus long neglected even to inquire after

the *only* ſurvivor of his hapleſs brother, who would do honour to his family.

"No, no," ſaid Mr. Nelſon, "we want "nothing of him."

It was natural for a fond mother to collect materials enough from this, to build a ſtrong hope upon; and yet ſo cautious was ſhe of flattering ſuch a hope in her ſon, that ſhe concealed her own; and on his diſcovering a joy, ſo common in young and ſanguine minds, ſhe diſcouraged it as much as poſſible.

Alfred now was ſent to finiſh his education at Oxford: but ſo determined was he to have no choice beyond what Mr. Nelſon and his mother ſhould fix for him, that he knew not to what ſcience or profeſſion

feffion to bend his ftudies. He contracted fome very good acquaintances, and between them, and his acquirement of the different branches of knowledge, he paffed his time very pleafantly.

It happened he was at home, in one of the vacations, when he attained the age of twenty-one: on which day Mr. Nelfon prefented him with a valuable gold watch and appendages, accompanied with a pocket-book containing a note for two hundred pounds. He ftopped his grateful acknowledgments by turning to Mrs. Harley—"Now, coufin," faid he, "tell me "your thoughts. Have you any objection "to your fon going into the church? I "have a good living which has juft fallen, "and I can get it held for him, till he is "of age to take it."

She readily declared ſhe had no wiſh, but his will, in the eſtabliſhment he had ſo good a right to regulate.

Whatever were at that time the ſentiments of Alfred, reſpect for the perſons before him made him acquieſce, without the ſmalleſt objection being ſtarted. It was then ſettled, that, for the future, his ſtudies ſhould be confined to religious exerciſes; and he returned to Oxford, to fit himſelf for the clerical life.

The living, which was five hundred a year, was preſented to a neighbouring divine, who was under ſome particular obligations to Mr. Nelſon, and who ſcrupled not to accept it for a time, till Alfred had paſſed the neceſſary degrees.

He entered immediately on his lectures in divinity, and looked forward to his snug rectory, and all the rural comforts of a country parson: above all, he anticipated the pleasure and satisfaction of having a permanent home for his beloved mother.

Mrs. Harley now experienced more serenity of heart than she had known for upwards of twenty years. In the establishment of her son she contemplated a most desirable asylum for herself; hoping that, in his filial arms, all her cares would be hushed to peace: she hoped too, whenever he made choice of a partner for life, he would be guided by such principles, and attached to such a character, as would increase their mutual happiness, instead of diminishing it.

Alfred could not take possession of his living till the age of twenty-four, to which period he wanted about a year and a half, when their good friend, Mr. Nelson, was attacked by an alarming fit of the gout, which in a week carried him off.

On inspection of the will, it was found he had left an annuity of two hundred per annum on Mrs. Harley, and a legacy of five hundred pounds to Alfred, for the purpose, as it is said, of furnishing his rectory.

Many people, who readily enough censured the partiality of the old man during his life-time, and spoke freely of adopting distant cousins, to the prejudice of nearer relations, now as violently exclaimed against the cruelty of breeding up a youth

with

with the expectation of being his heir, and then only making a poor parson of him. It is difficult to act so as to procure the praise of every one: it is almost impossible. These murmurers are of a tribe never to be satisfied. We must not judge from a part, but take the whole into consideration.

It is true, the sum of five hundred pounds is but trifling: but the education of Alfred had cost more than three times as much, and he was in expectation of that sum yearly from his living; Mrs. Harley had been supported near twenty years, and a good annuity was bequeathed to her. Because a person has done a great deal for us, are we to expect it as a right, that they should do a great deal more?

Mr. Nelſon had relations, who, though not very dear to him, had yet a natural right to the greater part of his fortune: nor was he ſo *very* rich as many of his neighbours believed, becauſe his charities were extenſive. Upon the whole, then, he merited not ſo much blame as thoſe, whom it noways concerned, or who would have given five ſhillings to have it otherwiſe, choſe to caſt upon his memory; and each party intereſted in the diſpoſal of his fortune were very well ſatisfied with the arrangement.

Neither Alfred or his mother ever looked further than a competency; which was thus, in a manner, ſecured to them: and the relations, who ſucceeded to the remainder, found themſelves ſo much better off than they expected, that they

were

were full of acknowledgments to Mrs. Harley and her ſon; particularly the former, who had taken ſome pains to adjuſt a difference between them and Mr. Nelſon, ſome years previous to his death, and the date of the will.

Alfred had now taken the neceſſary degrees, but did not chooſe to aſſume the gown till the reſignation of the living had been made in form.

When the time arrived, he wrote to Doctor Taylor, acquainting him with the circumſtance of his being of proper age, and reminding him that he ſhould be ready, whenever it ſuited the Doctor's conveniency, to diſencumber him of the trouble of officiating at the rectory.

He

He received for anſwer, that the Doctor "was extremely ſurpriſed at the nature of "the letter he had juſt had the honour of "receiving. He had accepted the truſt "from his good friend and patron, Mr. "Nelſon (now with God), and had found "no *trouble* in performing the duties of "his cure, which, from his good ſtate of "health, he doubted not, with the bleſſing "of Heaven, he ſhould continue to enjoy "for many years."

Thunderſtruck with this anſwer, Alfred prepared a reply, demanding the reſignation of the living, according to a ſtipulation between his honoured friend deceaſed and him (the Doctor). This the pious prelate treated very cavalierly: he talked much of his attachment to the canons of the church, which rendered ſuch buſineſs illegal; and ſimony

ſimony was the laſt crime he would be guilty of: diſcourſed of his love for his church, in the language of Solomon's ſongs, as if it was his wife; a divorce from which, he ſaid, could not be effected but by mutual conſent, or ſome fault, deemed by law of conſequence enough to diſſolve the union. This, he jocoſely added, was not the caſe. He loved his benefice, and his benefice loved him—cheriſhing and ſupporting each other in ſickneſs and in health. He had been true and faithful to his wife, the church; ſhe had never complained of his neglect of his duties, nor ſhould any thing but death part them.

As this was a ſpecies of correſpondence by no means ſuited to the taſte of Alfred, he determined to engage ſome man of the

law,

law, to teach juſtice and equity to the man of the *goſpel*; but as there is no agreement that can ſtand good in law, where the matter in diſpute is according to the canons unlawful (although ſuch things are done every day, and the good Doctor knew the intentions of Mr. Nelſon when he requeſted him to hold the living), he very calmly gave up thoſe trifling points of juſtice and equity, exclaiming in the words of Shylock; "It is not in the "bond. I do not ſee it in the bond."

The obſtinacy of this ſon of the church was a matter of ſerious conſequence to Alfred, as he began to fear he ſhould find great difficulty in combating it, unleſs he could either frighten him into compliance, or bribe him high enough to make the reſignation worth his while. For the firſt

he

he was too cunning, and too well convinced no proof could be brought, and he laughed at the idea of having his character exposed, as much as he affected to be offended at the supposition that he would countenance so grievous a sin as simony, which he would no more be guilty of committing than heresy or schism.

It was a cruel disappointment to a young man who had really been taught to depend on this assurance of the resignation as much as that he should demand it; but after consulting various learned men on the subject, he found, to his infinite concern, that there was no chance of redress; and to this day the conscientious Doctor Taylor enjoys the fruits of his labour in the Lord's vineyard, without the smallest compunction of spirit from any imperti-

nent reflection; that he withholds another man's right.

Thus did Alfred, by the death of one man, and the injuſtice of another, ſee himſelf deprived of his future hopes of ſubſiſtence, when thoſe hopes had juſt led him to a much dearer one of making that ſubſiſtence a happy reſource to his mother, and ſtill more of enabling him to offer his hand to one of the loveliest and moſt amiable of women, with whom he had ſome months before become acquainted; whoſe friendſhips he had been honoured with, and who had made a ſenſible impreſſion on his heart.

'In the midſt of his diſappointment and affliction, he derived this conſolation, that he had not actually declared himſelf the

lover of Elwina, though he had vowed never to be ſo to any other; and it was plain to ſee, that although nothing but friendſhip and eſteem were avowed on her part, no other man had any chance of ſucceeding with her.

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But I ſhall ceaſe to dwell on this part of Alfred's hiſtory. The correſpondence began before this period. The minds of Alfred and Elwina were too congenial not to aſſimilate towards each other. Their acquaintance began while the latter was on a viſit in the neighbourhood of Mrs. Harley; who, after the death of Mr. Nelſon, had taken a ſmall ready-furniſhed houſe in a village on the weſt of London,

where

where ſhe meant to reſide till her ſon was ſettled in his rectory.

If with ſo good a proſpect before him, Alfred thought himſelf inferior to Elwina (who indeed, in point of merit, could ſcarcely meet her equal, though her fortune could not be ſuppoſed to be large, there being many in family, and moſt probably the elder brother would have the greater ſhare of the good things of this world), how much did he now think himſelf fallen below the hope of aſpiring to her! Nothing but his regard to his mother's peace of mind prevented him going abroad directly; ſo very difficult did he foreſee it to ſuppreſs his affection for Elwina, or keep it within due bounds, which prudence ſuggeſted to him as pro-

per,

per, both for her ſake and his own. He might indeed have purchaſed a living, as he had rather more than three thouſand pounds in poſſeſſion; but as that would be leaving all the future hopes of his family dependant on the caſualty of his life, he could not give it a thought. He then immediately relinquiſhed all ideas of the church, as his beſt proſpect would be the privilege of ſtarving like a gentleman, on a poor curacy. Indeed his inclinations were never fixed on a clerical life, but he complied intirely becauſe he ſaw both his mother and Mr. Nelſon had made choice of it for him; and he was determined his conduct ſhould never diſgrace his profeſſion.

The world was now in arms: and he bluſhed, at his age, to ruſt in inglorious

eaſe and obſcurity, when every young man ſeemed particularly called upon to draw his ſword againſt the combined foes of his country; France at this time having juſt begun her treacherous alliance with the deluded and rebellious Americans, which circumſtance threatened, and indeed produced a general war.

A martial ſpark, ſo natural in a youth of ſpirit, who felt with indignation the injuries of his country, had now and then emanated from the ſoul of Alfred; but his mother with that anxious fondneſs, quite as natural, when in looking on him ſhe beheld all the treaſure which repeated tempeſts and ſtorms had left her, ceaſed not to repreſs his ardour as much as poſſible. She painted with the energy of truth the miſeries of war. Theſe pictures, however,

would not have made much impreſſion on him. Every one hopes for ſucceſs in himſelf, and thinks he ſhall come off victorious: beſides, dangers, beheld at a diſtance affect us in a trifling degree. But he could not ſhut his eyes and ears to the effect his reſolution had on his beloved mother, whenever he but ſlightly mentioned it; or whenever, with a glowing cheek he ſpoke with envy of the Britiſh youth, whoſe arms were glorioully employed in ſo good a cauſe, a deadly pale would overſpread her features; tears would ruſh into her eyes; and if in company, ſhe would be conſtrained to quit the room, to give vent to a torrent of grief. On ſuch occaſions Alfred would follow her, and with all the ſoothing tenderneſs of filial careſſes, would vow to give up all thoughts of a life which ſhould for one moment

embitter hers. He would carefully guard his expreſſions before her; but whenever he could talk freely on the ſubject, he lamented his ſituation, which condemned him to lead a life of ſhameful inactivity, or wound that boſom, whoſe only bleſſing he too plainly ſaw was his ſociety in ſafety.

I have ſaid Elwina was one of many children: her father had been very ſucceſsful in his profeſſion, which was that of a wholeſale grocer; but he was one of that numerous tribe who like to be the head of a family. His eldeſt ſon was, therefore, educated for a gentleman; and the two younger, that they alſo might be gentlemen by profeſſion, were brought up to the

law

law and the church. For this foolish man unhappily despised trade, although the chief of his possessions were acquired in consequence of his steady adherence to it for near forty years. From this little *trait* it may be presumed Mr. Bedford could not spare much money (when he had such material claims for it) to portion off his daughters; and therefore when the visible attention and partiality of Alfred was first perceived by him, he was not displeased. He was received in the family with that kind of distinguished preference which fathers and mothers usually shew to men they rather hope will soon declare themselves: and indeed, independent of this view, it was impossible not to feel a partiality for such a man as Alfred. His person was formed in the finished mould of beauty. His height was

juſt of that point when the graceful begins; eyes of dark hazel, with all the fire and brilliancy of that colour; but when fixed on Elwina, had all the impaſſioned ſoftneſs of blue; a complexion ſufficiently freſh to indicate health and a good conſtitution, without that ruſtic ruddineſs that will, in ſpite of its beauty, convey an idea of vulgarity. His mouth and lips were the handſomeſt I ever ſaw, and I believe it would be difficult to decide whether they looked more enchanting when open or cloſed; when the latter was the caſe, each corner was beautifully dimpled; and when his elegantly-formed lips ſeparated, he diſcloſed the fineſt ſet of teeth in the world. Such was the exterior of Alfred! a name which he obtained from having performed the character in the maſque of that name, when at ſchool.

The

The intellectual part, I ſhould hope my readers are at preſent a little acquainted with; they will ſee nothing in his letters to contradict the good report I have made of him.

Elwina had not ſo much critical beauty, either in her form or features; but there was ſomething irreſiſtibly touching in her whole manner; it was impoſſible for any ſex or age to be two hours in her company, without loving and being improved by her. I never ſhall forget the firſt time I was ſo happy as to ſee her. I felt my ſoul aſſimilate towards her as if they had been formerly acquainted. It has been united to her ever ſince. Ah, why

were we ſeparated? why am I left to deplore ſo much virtue and ſweetneſs? It was my pride, my glory to think we had ſiſter ſouls; why was not mine placed in the ſame delicate mould as hers? Why ſhould the ſtorm that ſhook her to the ground, only rive off my branches, yet leave the root to put forth freſh ſhoots, when its companion, its ſupport and ornament, is blaſted for ever? Why am I reſerved to be the painful hiſtorian, when I ſhould have been moſt happy to have had ſome pitying friend ſay of us,

"They were lovely in their lives,
"And in death they were not divided."

But Heaven thought it neceſſary I ſhould live to celebrate the praiſe of my beloved

beloved friend; ſhe, whoſe character and conduct has been vilified by her moſt unnatural brother! His pride, his arrogance, are too well-known among thoſe who have the misfortune to be connected with, or allied to him. Was it not enough that ſhe ſacrificed her life to her prudence? Was her love and her honour too to be given up to ſatisfy his malevolent heart? Though unbleſſed by affluence and riches, ſhe might at this time, even at this moment, been rich in the happineſs of giving and receiving felicity with the amiable choice of her affections; ſhe might have been in poſſeſſion of thoſe heart-felt joys, *he* can never experience, becauſe he is unworthy of them. *I* might have been happy too: But it

is all over. Be appeaſed then, thou wretched, turbulent Claudio! The cold grave has ſhielded thy lovely ſiſter from thy future malice.

LETTER I.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

ALFRED TO ELWINA.

(Written the beginning of the Year 1779.)

WILL my amiable friend pardon the preſumption of a young man, who has dared to conſtrue an expreſſion ſhe let fall the other evening, as a tacit aſſurance that ſhe will not be mortally offended with him for writing to her during his excurſion? Or will ſhe not rather

feel additional caufe for anger at his boldly endeavouring to fhelter his impertinence under fo facred a fanction?

Tell me, Elwina, have I greatly erred in my tranflation of the text, and will you allow me to comment upon it? You fee how naturally I tread in the path that is chalked out for me, and adopt the ftyle, as I foon fhall the habit, of a pulpit orator.

But do you remember the converfation? *I* can never forget it. You bore too great a fhare in it to admit of the traces ever being worn from the tablet of my memory. Befides, the fentiment was fo congenial with my own ideas. The fubject was interefting to me, who was fo foon to quit the fociety, above all others,

formed

formed to make me happy, and give me sufficient reaſon to regret the many weeks that I ſhould be neceſſarily prevented from rejoining it. I was making ſome melancholy reflections, when the ſound of your melodious voice, and the ſentiments you uttered, adding ſweetneſs to the ſweets, rouſed me to the ſtricteſt attention, and hatched comforts in my ſoul.

" I can never believe (you ſaid) that " the abſence of friends can be ſo painful, " when they ſo ſeldom avail themſelves " of the only privilege to ſoften it, and " which is in the power of every one. For " why, when they have the bleſt means " of *ſpeeding the ſoft intercourſe from pole to* " *pole*, and *pouring forth all their hearts*, " they ſhould ſit penſively and unſociably " down, without telling thoſe they have

" left

" left behind, that they ever think of
" them, is much beyond my idea of
" things. I ſhall never flatter myſelf that
" a friend regrets my abſence, who omits
" any opportunity of telling me ſo by
" heaven-formed letters."

O Elwina! dare I aſpire to your friendſhip? Will the moſt charming of women allow me to place myſelf on that diſtinguiſhed liſt? Will ſhe allow, during this painful ſeparation from all that is pleaſing and elegant, now and then to addreſs her with my pen? Have I miſconſtrued your words? Is it vanity? (too inherent to young men, and which the attentions you have honoured me with could almoſt juſtify:) Oh! is it all vanity? And am I looked on only as the common *routine* of acquaintance that viſit at the houſe of Mrs.

Mrs. M—? Forgive me, forgive me, Elwina, if a too ſuſceptible heart has for ſome moments thought otherwiſe, and flattered itſelf, on comparing your behaviour to myſelf, with that to ſome others, I have perceived a difference that has thrilled through every nerve.

I really wonder at my own temerity. Believe me, my hand trembles, and my heart beats painfully while I write theſe lines; uncertain whether they will be a prelude to the moſt wiſhed-for correſpondence; or whether it will not force you to drive the arrogant, the aſpiring Alfred from your preſence for ever. Judge then, Elwina, what are my feelings at this inſtant;—I leave off—I heſitate—ſomething impels me to make the trial—I dare hardly proceed—I dare not look back—I

could

could almoſt wiſh---yet I will ſend this; I am ſure I ſhould not mend it, if I was to begin it afreſh, as my agitation increaſes each moment. I do not preſume to intreat you to anſwer this incoherent letter. I mean to be at Mrs. M——'s on Wedneſday next. The week after, I purpoſe to ſet off for Oxford, to keep my laſt term there, previous to my aſſuming the black robe. On Wedneſday!—How ſhall I ſupport myſelf till then?—On Wedneſday I ſhall ſee Elwina.

Yes, in your lovely eyes I ſhall read my deſtiny; from your lips I flatter myſelf I ſhall receive pardon for this preſumption. If (which Heaven forbid!) you ſhould really ſee it in the light which *ſome* women would (but *ſuch* I ſhould never offend), what will become of me? I

feel

feel my ſentiments for you muſt ever remain the ſame: that is, I muſt, while I have ſenſe and diſcernment, revere and admire worth, ſweetneſs, and all that is amiable in your ſex. But grant, kind Heaven, that I may rather *love* with gratitude, than *adore* with trembling.

Yours, moſt truly,

Alfred.

LETTER.

LETTER II.

Elwina to Alfred.

Friday Evening.

I CANNOT forgive my ſeeming diſingenuity on Wedneſday laſt. How could I coldly ſay, I forgave you, for the moſt pleaſing inſtance of friendſhip I ever met with; and, to adopt the language of Alfred, *ſo congenial to my own ideas?* How could my lips do ſo little juſtice to my heart?

heart? They ought to have told you I accepted your offered friendſhips with the utmoſt delight and ſatisfaction; that I had, even before you requeſted it, placed you on the diſtinguiſhed liſt of my friends; I will own more; I already ſee you at the head of it. It is your merit, and a very moderate ſhare of diſcernment in myſelf, that have procured you that eminence.

I ought to feel more friendſhip for you than to regret your abſence. It is too advantageous to you to clear me from ſelfiſhneſs in wiſhing your journey could be poſtponed till I quit this vicinity. You ſee how little you know me, when you aſcribe ſo much virtue to me; but we ſhall be better acquainted; and I truſt you

you will act the most useful part of friendship, telling me of my faults, and not flattering fancied perfections, lest I should be vain and silly enough to think I really possess them.

You were extremely good to send a message of inquiry yesterday. I should have been happy in a high degree, had it been a written instead of a verbal compliment. But I have no one to blame but myself. I am convinced the absurdity of my behaviour on Wednesday would make you draw inferences unfavourable to such an intention. I know not what ailed me. I am seriously vexed with myself; and, notwithstanding appearances were then so strongly against me, I will assure Alfred, I am neither ungrateful or insensible, and that his

his esteem and correspondence will ever be cherished as very great additions to the happiness of

Elwina.

LETTER.

LETTER III.

ALFRED TO ELWINA.

I BEGIN to think the only fault I ſhall ever find with Elwina, will be the having turned the head of a once very tolerable young man. But how ſhould it be otherwiſe? Oh! Elwina, if ever you ſhould change your mind; if, by any circumſtance, or cruel event, you ſhould ceaſe to honour me with your friendſhip, what muſt become of the undone Alfred? But why cloud over the joy, that at this

moment

moment expands my bosom, with so bitter an anticipation? Elwina is too amiable, too just to be capricious; and though she may blame the weakness of the head, will pity the feelings of the heart; a heart that glows with esteem of the most perfect nature, and will endeavour to emulate her worth, till it renders itself, if possible, a counterpart of her own!

And have you the goodness to wish I might not quit this place, now become dear to me from being your temporary residence? Alas! why does necessity urge me to leave you? And yet, but for necessity, I should tire you with my company. Oh, Elwina, it is too rich a repast to be with you "every day, and all the "day." How blest should I be, to be

certain of enjoying your converſation one day in a week as long as I lived! the remaining ſix would be paſſed in felicitouſly antedating the next happy day, or dwelling with gratitude and rational delight on the retroſpect of the laſt.

I will not make any comment on Wedneſday, only I will juſt obſerve Elwina is too ſevere in her ſtrictures on herſelf. That man muſt be undeſerving the friendſhip and eſteem of an amiable woman, who could urge, with importunity, conceſſions in his favour. And he muſt be blind and inſenſible who does not ſee and gratefully acknowledge, in the ſoft timid eye of modeſt beauty, all that ought to ſatisfy his honeſt wiſhes.

Adieu! To-morrow I ſhall be the happieſt of earthly beings. I am to paſs the whole afternoon in the company of Elwina!

ALFRED.

LETTER IV.

Alfred to Elwina.

Henley.

I AM now ſome miles from Elwina. My horſe has conveyed my body, but my mind is ſtill with her. O bleſt memory, how rich are thy ſtores! Imagination! thou too art my friend. The diſtance between me and the moſt amiable of women increaſes each hour. But in my *mind's eye* I view her ſtill. I hear the

the ſofteſt, ſweeteſt accents vibrate on my ear, and my charmed and faithful recollection tells me 'tis the voice of Elwina ! Only think of my preſumption ! I have actually two or three times caught myſelf ſinging that charming little Italian air you ſet to muſic. Oh, thoſe expreſſive lines !

> Il ſuo dolce, deſio
> Chi gli reſponde, ardo d'amore anch 'Io.

I was puniſhed ſufficiently for my audacity. I thought my notes ſounded as hoarſe as a raven's. My heart echoed the ſenſe, but I was unequal to expreſs the delicate harmony of a voice, which, even in common ſpeaking,

> "Might create a ſoul under the ribs of death."

 Now

Now do not call this hyperbole; by my honour it is not. It is more true of you than I once thought it could be of any woman in the world; but then I had not ſeen, I had not converſed with Elwina.

And will you forgive my making it a queſtion? It is impious to doubt you. Will you devote a whole day to my dear mother? How good to propoſe it! and how doubly kind, to tell me it ſhall be next Wedneſday: the day fortnight when the aſpiring Alfred dared to raiſe his eyes to read forgiveneſs in Elwina's! How ſhall I with rapture greet each anniverſary of that bleſt day! The anniverſary? Oh, each weekly return; each day, that will not fail to add to my eſteem, my friendſhip for the firſt of women!

How

How happy will be the moſt excellent of mothers, on Wedneſday next! A whole day with Elwina! O that I could in reality (as I ſhall in idea) ſteal in between the two on earth moſt dear to me. Such a parent! ſuch a friend! of what ſhould I dare complain? whom ſhould I envy?

To-morrow I reach Oxford to dinner. I ſhall from thence write immediately to my mother. I fear Elwina will think I intrude too much on her indulgence, if I preſume to write again *very* ſoon. Her letter muſt decide it. I will do nothing but as you authorize me. You ſhall be my directreſs, my guide, and from you I will make no appeal.

May that Power I am going to invoke for your ſafety and welfare, ſhed his benigneſt influence on your head, prays your devoted

ALFRED.

LETTER V.

ELWINA TO ALFRED.

Wednesday Night.

YES, Alfred, I have paſſed a whole long day with the moſt excellent of women. I wonder not at your being ſo amiable. How muſt you have degenerated from your maternal ſtock, had you been otherwiſe!

You never told me her ſtory. She entered on it by chance. She apologized when ſhe ſaw the tears I ſhed. From a common ſtranger the relation of ſuch woes would have wrung the tear of ſympathy from my heart. *She* is the mother of Alfred.—I hardly knew what I did.—I looked on her as ſomething more than mortal, to have ſurvived ſuch griefs. I gazed on her, as if I feared, when ſhe ended ſpeaking, my earneſt eyes would loſe ſight of her, and ſhe would vaniſh like an apparition. I revered—I adored—I did more, I loved her. And without meaning to be improperly familiar with ſo reſpectable a perſon, I threw my arms round her neck, and wept on her boſom ſome minutes without ſpeaking.

I muſt

I muſt viſit her again. She did me the honour of ſaying, ſhe had experienced more relief and comfort from this day's converſation, than ſhe had known for many, many years. Yes, I will go to her: her piety and reſignation will be admirable leſſons for me, if it ſhould pleaſe Heaven to chaſtiſe me with afflictions. My God! what a ſeries of misfortunes has ſhe endured!

I wonder not at your filial regard for ſuch a mother. I ſhould hate you, if you was not as truly ſenſible as you are of her tranſcendent goodneſs.

For Heaven's ſake never beſtow praiſes on me again; a poor inſignificant atom in the creation, when compared to Mrs. Harley!

Harley! I ſunk ſo low in my own eſtimation, that had not her careſſes lifted me into ſome degree of conſequence again, I could not have ſupported my own ideas of inferiority.

I do not expect to ſleep this night. My thoughts are continually with your dear mother. Since ſupper, I attempted to give Mrs. M—— ſome relation, but my tears would not allow me. She has not a ſoul for theſe things: it was caſt in a very common mould. I have heard of every-day beauties; Mrs. M—— has an every-day mind. Her pleaſures and pains have been ſuited to her ſtrength moſt admirably. I do not mean to be ſevere, but I think that Pope's general ſarcaſm on the ſex might very well be applied to

her.

her. She has certainly lefs of character in her, than moft women I know. There is no trait by which you will know to-day what fort of woman fhe will be to-morrow.

"She's every thing by ftarts, and nothing long:"

Except, let it be remembered, that fhe is very good-natured; which, an old lady of my acquaintance fays, is almoft the fevereft thing you can fay of any one. In fhort, you fay it when you cannot find any thing elfe to fay in their favour.

I muft tell you I received your letter from Henley yefterday. You fay you will be guided by me. Then pofitively you muft write no more fuch letters. I wifhed

to have read it to your mother; for you know, as my friend, you ought to write nothing but what I could read to her: But ſuch praiſe! Pray do you think my head and heart equally as impenetrable as adamant? For mercy's ſake proportion your attack upon them to their natural ſtrength. Seriouſly I do not approve of ſuch flattery. I had a better opinion of myſelf than to believe you could ſuppoſe I ſhould be pleaſed with ſuch adulation. For although "ſweet is praiſe from thoſe, "&c." yet I remember too, that "praiſe "undeſerved is ſatire in diſguiſe." That I have ſome trifling qualifications which happen to be to your taſte, is very likely. I will give you credit for your diſcovery: and moreover, I will ſtrive to become as perfect as your partial,

but,

but, I fear, erring judgment has pronounced me to be. Adieu, and good night.

Very ſincerely Yours,

ELWINA.

LETTER VI.

Alfred to Elwina.

AND has my respectable parent beguiled the gentle Elwina of her tears? Why was not Alfred present to wipe the precious drops from the loveliest eyes in the world? Oh Elwina, say not that I flatter. By all my hopes of happiness, I speak not with half the energy that I feel your perfect worth. If I did, *you* might then accuse me of flattery; though

though ſtill I ſwear, I ſhould be innocent of it.

Where have you concealed yourſelf all this time? How is it poſſible you ſhould have remained ſingle till the age of twenty three? It appears marvellous to me. Yet I ceaſe not to thank Heaven for the circumſtance; for had ſome happy youth been bleſt with your hand and heart, where would you have found room for friendſhip for Alfred? Your acquaintance he might have been, but he could never have aſpired—nay, he then would not have wiſhed to be your friend.

Laſt night there was an aſſembly at ——; I went to it, becauſe I was a ſubſcriber.

ſcriber. I danced not, becauſe I met with no one that I liked: what have you not to anſwer for, for having made me ſo difficult to pleaſe, ſo more than indifferent to every other woman? I looked with a ſcrutinizing eye over the bevy of beauties; but ſomething was wanting: I find "Tis "not a ſet of features I admire." Tis ſenſibility; tis expreſſion; tis—it is Elwina!

I was called a ſtupid fellow by half the aſſembly, and thought ſo, perhaps, by the whole. To make my peace, I pleaded indiſpoſition, and, indeed, I was indiſpoſed for dancing with any one there; and to avoid the appearance of idly filling up a place where I had no buſineſs, I retired very early.

To ſay I thank you, Elwina, for your letter, is ſaying nothing; yet I know not a language that can give me the expreſſion I want. None but your own ſweet words, and the tone of your own ſweet voice, would be equal to what I mean.

To-day I begin to attend the lectures, which, I aſſure you, I ſhall be very diligent in doing; as the ſooner they are completed, the more time I have to think on thoſe ſo dear to me as I left behind at L——. How long ſhall you yet ſtay there? If I was Mrs. M——, you ſhould never leave me. Not a moment would I truſt you from my ſight, as I ſhould wiſh to exiſt only when you were by. Will you allow me to bring a meſſage from that lady to your houſe, when you return home?

Am

Am I too bold? If I am, tell me ſo, but do not puniſh me by a refuſal; I will not come often; only once in a great while, to give a little reliſh for life, by convincing me there are ſome pleaſures worth living for.

How beautiful the moon looked laſt night! I wonder whether you ſaw it in all the ſplendour of maturity, if I may uſe that expreſſion. I fixed my eyes on it, and, heaving a gentle ſigh, wiſhed that Elwina might at that moment be employed the ſame way. Do you remember the paper in the Spectator, where two perſons made a reſolution, while abſent from each other, to devote half an hour in a day to the ſecret and ſilent contemplation of each other? What a divine feaſt ſuch pleaſures of the ima-

imagination afford! How happy ſhould I have been, if I could have known for a certainty you had been engaged in the ſame manner I was! It was in the aſſembly room too; but what is the world and all its little nonſenſe? at a window; in a room crowded with company; a band of muſic, and ſixty couple dancing. Alfred was detached from them all; neither ſound or buſtle affected him; I was as much alone as if on the wildeſt heath. My eyes were fixed on that beauteous planet, with no earthly being betwixt us but Elwina..... Oh! God! how delicious was that half hour! The happineſs of ages was crowded into it, and I felt hurt, becauſe diſturbed, when the dance was finiſhed. My elegant reverie was broken in upon by noiſe and impertinence, and, as I ſaid, I left the room. I tried to regain the train of thoughts that had

had occupied me, as I drove home; but they were not renewable. My ſober reaſon told me they were too wild, too excurſive; but, Elwina, not your own pure ſelf could be purer than they were; not an idea floated on my fancy which

"Angels might not hear, or virgins tell."

The bell announces the hour for lecture. The *head* muſt now be employed: though I think I could attend a lecture on hearts with more ſatisfaction. I wiſh I could ſee yours intire. How delightful! And yet how ſhould I tremble on the examination, leſt I ſhould not ſee the figure of Alfred in ſome little corner of it! Oh, may I not hope he has a ſmall ſhare? Never will he, by any action, deſerve to be diſcarded from

ſo enviable a poſt. No, he ſwears on the altar of friendſhip and truth, the whole buſineſs of his life ſhall be to merit the eſteem of the moſt amiable, the moſt admired of her ſex!

ALFRED.

LETTER VII.

Elwina to Alfred.

BELIEVE me, Alfred, your meditations by moon-light were so much in my own way, that I was highly gratified by your description. It would be too foolish, or I could tell you a story that might serve as a companion to it: but friendship may well excuse what friendship alone occasioned. So to have no concealments from you; do you remember the piece of myrtle you broke off from a tree

in Sir Thomas B—'s conſervatory? I wore it all day, and in the night my heart ſmote me for having thrown it by, neglected, with ſome flowers I had gathered out of Mrs. M—'s garden. The moon, which was ſo favourable to your contemplation, was no enemy to my attempt (though not at that time arrived at the ſplendour of maturity) towards the preſervation of the myrtle ſprig. By its bright light, I reſcued the almoſt expiring gift I had received from the hand of Alfred; and placing it in water, found, by the next morning, it looked as if it would *live a little longer*. In that hope I put it into a pot of earth, where, I doubt not, it will take root, and grow a fine ſhrub. I claim a ſpace for it at your rectory, till when it ſhall be my care to nouriſh it.

Theſe may be called the follies of friendſhip; but if each portion of our lives ſhould paſs as thoſe periods, when you were moralizing with the moon, and I was preſerving my ſprig of myrtle, what would become of the wiſdom of thoſe wiſe ones, who would laugh at us? I have ſeldom been more pleaſurably employed, than during my officious care, and anticipating, perhaps, ſome future viſit to your little domain, when I might receive, with ſtill more delight, another piece of myrtle from your friendly hand.

I have never read the paſſage you allude to in the Spectator, without feeling a veneration for friends of ſo much ſentiment. That I have met with one of the ſame delicacy and ſenſibility; will ever be acknowledged with thankful gratitude. And

though I did not, indeed, at the moment you mention, contemplate the ſame object, I conſider the adoration you paid the bright luminary, as a tribute for the ſervices her beams afforded me ſome nights before. However, for the future, the night of the full moon ſhall never paſs unheeded by me.

If you are really fond of dancing, I am ſorry you could not find a partner, who could, for a few hours, be ſufficiently intereſting to induce you to join the feſtive throng. For my part, I have no great paſſion for the exerciſe; and often wonder that ſo many young women are ſuch enthuſiaſts in the cauſe. It is very well on a cold winter night; but I never, in my more girliſh days, was a violent dancer. I own,

like old *Ursula* in the Padlock, I prefer grace to agility.

You expreſs wonder that I ſhould have lived to the age of twenty-three, without being engaged in the matrimonial ſtate. Is it ſo very marvellous?—To have lived thus long without an engagement of the heart, would, in my opinion, have been more ſo.

Perhaps ſome other time I may inform you of this point in my hiſtory, which appears ſo very extraordinary. There are ſome hearts formed for friendſhip; mine ſeems to be of that claſs; and we do not often meet with men who are capable of inſpiring or returning it. As far as I can judge, I have been fortunate; I hope

never

never to have my opinion proved an error; I ſhould be unhappy to be deceived.

On Thurſday I go to your good mother. Mrs. M— pays a viſit in the environs, and kindly excuſes my attendance. I write by this day's poſt, becauſe you will have it in time to know when the *tête-à-tête* will take place. I wonder who would be the happieſt of the party, if you could make it a trio?

Adieu,

ELWINA.

LETTER VIII.

Alfred to Elwina.

WHEN I become a reſident at my rectory, I think I ſhall eſtabliſh ſuch a kind of attic entertainment as at Bath-Eaſton. What a prize to have a ſprig of myrtle from the favourite tree !—The adopted of Elwina ! It could receive no addition unleſs Elwina herſelf was to diſtribute it. Will you accept the office? No one would be ſo well qualified to adjudge the palm of merit. Sacred ſhall be

the hallowed plant—*Odi profanum! noli me tangere!* ſhall be its motto. Even I will not preſume to tear its branching honours; I will adore it, as if the tree indeed contained my beauteous nymph encloſed in its bark. Under your auſpices it muſt live, it muſt flouriſh. Apollo had his laurel; Alfred ſhall have his myrtle: Oh! how much happier the latter than the former! The object of his adoration choſe to be turned into an inanimate plant, to avoid his purſuit: Elwina, for me, has deigned to protect and ſhelter with her foſtering hand my favourite plant, till I may repoſe myſelf under its branches. I ſhould be ready to execrate the rude hand that ſhould deſpoil its beauties. Guard it, my elegant friend, with your utmoſt care; when it is tranſplanted we will have a jubilee. I

ſhall never ſee a leaf of myrtle, but I ſhall think of and bleſs you.

How much like an angel; in a word, how much like Elwina was it, to let me know that on this day you would viſit the beſt of mothers!—Was you not ſenſible of my preſence? The whole day my intellectual ſelf has been with you: I led you from the little white gate, only juſt ſtopping to gather a branch of honeyſuckle that twines round the poplar tree, which my pleaſed fancy ſaw you place in your boſom; where, may peace and happineſs ever dwell. *I have no myrtle at preſent*; ſo the ſweet woodbine was all the offering I could make. From thence I preſented you to my delighted mother. There, in charming converſe, we

paſſed

paſſed the morning, and afterwards partook of a frugal, but not inelegant meal. Elwina, will you pardon my folly? I played the truant this morning; I could not leave my mental "feaſt of reaſon and flow of "ſoul," to attend a lecture on philoſophy. I ſat in my rooms the whole day; and to avoid impertinent viſitors (for whoſe intruſion could be deemed otherwiſe?) I ſhut my outer door. To uſe your own ſweet words,—*Theſe may be called the follies of friendſhip.* Oh, with all my heart! "There "is a pleaſure in madneſs which none but "madmen know." And if my folly makes me happy, I want not to be wiſe, nor do I envy thoſe that are ſo.

Moſt truly yours,

ALFRED.

LETTER IX.

ELWINA TO ALFRED.

I HAVE been rambling this morning over thofe pleafant fields behind Mrs. M——'s houfe, and up to that fpot where you once pointed out to me a view of your mother's elegant little cottage. A kind hand has lopped away fome branches that grew too luxuriantly at the end of the copfe, by which improvement the object has gained much beauty. I felt particularly charmed with it; it ftruck on my fancy,

fancy, as if I had juſt diſcovered a dear friend, whom I loved, but thought not of ſeeing at that moment. Almoſt the whole of the neat white houſe preſents itſelf; and that we do not ſee it intirely, diminiſhes not from the perſpective, as it is embowered in a little wood, over which a chimney peeps, that looks like a turret. The effect is wonderfully pleaſing; part of the glade was enriched by cattle feeding, and the back ground, which you remember is broken and elevated, gave the whole an air equally grand and picturesque.

It would have been hereſy againſt the ſcience of painting, if I had not taken a faint ſketch of the ſcene before me. I had paper and pencils with me, and, allowing for poor abilities, I think I have ſucceeded *à merveille*; but you ſhall judge, for I hope

you are by this time quite inclined to believe that for Alfred alone the drawing was executed. I have had this evening the happineſs of attending your excellent mother up thither; and her good taſte corrected the exuberance of mine; ſhe even pointed out a little object I had overlooked: it was the remains of a mill, which the enemies of improvement had deſtroyed many years ſince, and which, ſhe ſaid, you had often contemplated as a ruin that would look well on canvaſs. Shall I own, had any other than *your* mother made this obſervation, I ſhould have been heartily mortified? but there is no humility in yielding the palm to her. With her ſtrictures then I completed my ſketches from nature; and, as ſhe tells me ſhe is to ſend you a parcel next week—I ſhall take the opportunity of conveying my performance

at the ſame time—If you diſcover any merit in it, ſuperadded to that which my wiſh to pleaſe you, I know, will give it in your eye, pray let that too have a place in the ſpot deſtined to your future reſidence. My *nurſery*, I hope you underſtand I mean the little myrtle, thrives charmingly: it looks as bright and flouriſhing as if it divined to what a pre-eminence over all other "humble plants" it was to be promoted.

Mrs. M——, who you know has no more taſte than a pumpkin, wanted me to draw a copy for her. It was not from idleneſs or ill-nature that I refuſed her as civilly as I could; *ſhe* would ſet no value on it; for, very likely, unleſs I was at the expence of framing it, before the week came round, it would either be made a thread-paper of, or have a pin driven through it,

to make a whirligig for the children. And I could not bear even a copy of a performance professedly designed for you should be thus degraded. If your collection of drawings is small, it shall be composed of scarce ones; and this, I give you my word, shall be an *unique*. Not the first cabinet in the kingdom shall ever possess one from the same artist.

Oh! what would the scholars say, if they knew what studies engaged Alfred last Thursday sennight? How would they shake their square caps and tassels at him, out of reproof and ridicule! But what does Elwina say?—Simply this: "May "the pleasures of your elegant imagina- "tion be realized." What a confidence have I in the rectitude of your heart, to express such a sentiment!

And think you the whole day was paſſed, without our frequently wiſhing the almoſt-adored ſon, and much eſteemed friend, was of our little party? Oh, ſurely, it was not. Alfred furniſhed the moſt pleaſing part of our converſation.—How rich my repaſt! I was feaſted with your praiſe!—What an amiable picture, and drawn by the hand of a mother! My heart exulted that I could call ſuch a man my friend. It was a day never to be forgotten, while memory can laſt. Your mother looked almoſt more than mortal, while ſhe dwelt on a theme ſo delightful to her. How did her auditor look, I wonder?

Adieu,

ELWINA.

LET-

LETTER X.

To the Same.

I CALLED on your good mother yesterday, but on hearing ſhe was out, I meant not to ſtop: Betty, however, informed me ſhe was but juſt ſtepped out to ſee a ſick neighbour to whom ſhe had promiſed ſome relief. I then determined to wait for her return, Mrs. M—— having requeſted I would prevail on her to dine at the Grove to-day; and, abſtracted from

my hope of feeing her, I wifhed to have her anfwer.

I took a book from your collection, which proved, among fome other poets, to be Hammond's Elegies. I had nearly gone through them before Mrs. Harley returned. I have read them often, and heard them much praifed. Perhaps I ought not to hazard an opinion concerning a work that has been approved by great critics. As to their compofition, I will not pretend to find fault with it; but I like not the fubjects of the firft five elegies; the fixth I fhould approve, but for the fecond ftanza:

"She tells me, Delia, I fhall thee obtain;
"But can I liften to her fyren fong,

"Who

"Who ſeven ſlow months have dragg'd thy
"painful chain;
"So long thy lover, and deſpis'd ſo long?"

I hope, Alfred, you would never prove ſuch a conſtant, perſevering, nay obſtinate lover, to ſo inſenſible, ſo undeſerving a miſtreſs. The laſt ſtanza but one in the ſeventh is too licentious to pleaſe me.

It muſt be owned Hammond was very unfortunate in his choice of miſtreſſes; how he could love ſuch a monſter as Neæra I cannot conceive. It is contrary to my ſyſtem; love could never exiſt in my boſom independent of eſteem. It is impoſſible the ſame object can inſpire love and hatred at once. But it is recorded of him, that he died a martyr to his ill-placed paſſion. Perhaps it was happier for him

than if he had lived to be made a wretch, by ſuch ſordid, and, at beſt, inſenſible minds.

I admire this ſtanza in the ninth elegy.

"With mean diſguiſe let others nature hide,
"And mimic virtue with the paint of art;
"I ſcorn the cheat of reaſon's fooliſh pride,
"And boaſt the graceful weakneſs of my heart."

But enough of criticiſm; I feel I am not equal to it. I ſhould not have ventured my ſentiments on this work, but that I know you will kindly ſet me right; and I ſhall glory in being inſtructed by ſo good a judge, and ſo kind a friend.

Much leſs do I feel myſelf capable of entering upon politics. But the learned in

theſe

theſe matters ſay, things are growing worſe and worſe. I have a ſiſter who lives in America, having ſome years ago married with very fair proſpects, in the province of Philadelphia; but who has ſince experienced all the rigours of civil war. Her huſband, who held a poſt under government, has been diſpoſſeſſed for ſome time. I received a letter from her the other day, replete with dreadful images of diſtreſs. One time or other you ſhall have her hiſtory; it is melancholy and pathetic.

My return is fixed for the latter end of next week. Mrs. M—— has promiſed to bring your mother to ſee us, before the days ſhorten too much. "I ſay nothing," but if there ſhould be a corner in the coach, it would be no unpleaſant circumſtance.

Alfred will be pleafed to recollect this is the fecond letter I have written fince I received a line from him. I do not mean to be fo indulgent for the future. But I could not fend my drawing without fome kind of introduction, to fecure its welcome and protection. Of your dear mother I fhall not fay a word, as I know fhe is at this moment writing to you. Mrs. M—— fends her compliments, and all the children wifh for your return, particularly fince you have promifed them a ride on your pretty horfe. I have quite filled my paper, and fo I fhould have done had the fheet been as large again. But there is a fummons for tea, and I muft fend this off for your mother to inclofe.

Adieu,

ELWINA.

LETTER XI.

ALFRED TO ELWINA.

YOU are ſo wholly unlike the character of Hammond's miſtreſſes, that I may ſafely venture to declare to you, your opinion on every thing has the greateſt weight with me. I could truſt myſelf in your hands, as if I were a mere machine; and I am convinced, that under your tuition and guidance I could not err.

Had

Had Elwina been my preceptor, I ſhould have learnt my leſſons with ſo much delight, that nothing but the apprehenſion of loſing your inſtructions too ſoon, could have equalled my improvement. I extremely admire your criticiſm, and think it juſt in a very great degree. No; I ſhould not have been ſo perſevering a lover.

"Sweet is the love that meets return."

And as to Neæra, I ſhould have deſpiſed myſelf had I ſuffered my ſenſes to run away thus with my reaſon, though ſhe had poſſeſſed the form and grace of a Venus, or even one I could name ſuperior to fifty Venuſes. I glory in boaſting a ſympathetic ſentiment with Elwina. An avaricious woman, is a baneful monſter.

You delicately hint your diſlike of a particular ſtanza in the ſixth elegy. I am certain, though you may admire the poetry, you will condemn almoſt the whole of the fifth, as being very free and immoral; for there he intimates that his miſtreſs is a married woman, and that their interview was far from innocent. This elegy certainly contradicts the aſſertion in the preface, of *his youth being undiſſipated*. However, he only *ſuppoſes* the interview, but he pays no compliment to the virtue of his miſtreſs.

His editor ſays, he copied Tibullus rather than Ovid. He has indeed cloſely copied the former, as you may judge from a tranſlation of the Latin poet, which you will find in the ſame book-caſe, whenever you honour my mother with another call.

I pur-

I purchaſed them for her. I ſhould have liked Hammond better, had he been an original poet; his thoughts are all ſtolen from his favourite author. And yet it is but a poor proof of over-regard, to make ſo free with thoſe we profeſs an affection for.

Ovid certainly paints to the paſſions, and is ſometimes too voluptuous; but we muſt conſider the age he lived in, even more licentious than ours, and where delicacy and ſentiment were not known; yet ſome of his writings are beautifully chaſte. His Triſtia is eminently ſo, which you may read in your own language, tranſlated by one of your own ſex.

Theſe lines are beautiful.

« The

"The ſeaſon now invites me to retire
"To the dear *lares* of my houſehold fire,
"To homely ſcenes of calm domeſtic peace,
"A poet's leiſure, and an old man's eaſe;
"To wear the remnant of uncertain life,
"In the fond boſom of a faithful wife;
"In ſafe repoſe my laſt few hours to ſpend,
"Nor fearful, nor impatient of their end."

Such ſentiments would do honour to a Chriſtian philoſopher, leaving the hurry and buſtle of life. You will like the whole of it.

I doubt not you have a good collection of books, your mind ſeems ſo highly cultivated; yet perhaps in my ſtudy you may find ſome with which you are not acquainted. It is well choſen; I may ſay as much, becauſe the greater part belonged to my worthy friend Mr. Nelſon, who left me the whole

whole of his library; and when I have added all I have here to it, I ſhall have food enough for the greateſt bookworm in the world to ſubſiſt on.

And will not Elwina think I am a mere bookworm indeed, or, as the cantabs ſay, "a quiz of a fellow?" I have not yet written one line of thanks for your ſweet ineſtimable preſent. I could have traced the maſter in the performance. How neat! how elegant! Will you not often exerciſe your pencil thus in delineating ſome favourite ſpot? How ſhall I treaſure them up! Others may coldly admire, but *I* ſhall feel them in a higher degree than I can expreſs. I will ſet a little room apart, the window of which ſhall be graced with the myrtle; and no other ornament ſhall be admitted, than ſuch as are created by

Elwina. It ſhall be my muſeum, my *ſanctum ſanctorum*, where no one ſhall be allowed to enter, but thoſe who know how to value the favour. I would hang up the drawing in my room here, but then vulgar eyes would behold it. No; I will lock it up in a drawer, and viſit it with all the devotion that the holy relics of a ſaint would inſpire in the breaſt of an hermit.

How ſweetly you have anſwered the requeſt I made ſome time ago, by a kind invitation to eſcort Mrs. M—— and my mother to the bleſt ſpot which gave Elwina birth! How ſhall I be delighted in beholding each walk and plant that has been nurtured by your fair hand, or dignified by your partiality! You ſhall ſhew me your favourite ſeat; we will ſit upon it, and you ſhall point out all its beauties. Your

father

father and mother too—I long to ſee the progenitors of Elwina; to trace in their features ſome reſemblance to the moſt lovely, the moſt amiable among women. Shall I love your brothers? Surely they muſt be worthy beings, or they cannot be related to you. Your ſiſter, is ſhe like you? But anſwer me not. I ſhall ſoon have the happineſs of breathing the ſame air with Elwina; of viewing her ſweet, and I hope not *averted* face; of hearing too the moſt charming accents, and dwelling with delight on each word that falls from her lips. Yes, "the heavy hours are almoſt paſt," that divide me from elegance, ſenſe, beauty, and exquiſite worth. No one can ſee all theſe perfections clearer; no one can feel them in a higher degree, than

ALFRED.

LETTER XII.

ALFRED TO ELWINA.

Banbury.

I MADE a little excurſion two days ſince, with a fellow collegian, to ſee his ſiſter, who is ſettled in this place. She is lately returned from America, where ſhe had paſſed ſome years. Happily both herſelf and family have eſcaped the ravages and dangers of war, and have retired to this peaceful aſylum. But I find the chief of their fortune is loſt; as all their landed

landed property was ſeized on by the Congreſs.

I aſked her if ſhe knew your ſiſter, as ſhe had mentioned Philadelphia; I found ſhe was well acquainted with her in that province; but that ſhe had left it for ſome years. You will recollect, Elwina, your promiſe of giving me the hiſtory of your ſiſter; and pray let it be by letter, for, when we meet, I will not let you have all the talk to yourſelf, dearly as I love to hear the ſound of your voice.

This lady (Mrs. Denniſon) followed the fortunes of her huſband, who was forced to go to a ſettlement he had at Penobſcot. He had not been long there ere the cruel neceſſity of ſetting fire to the town conſumed all their property. It really makes

me ſhudder to hear her relate all her ſufferings. She and her children were driven out by the flames, and were happy to have the ſhelter of a deep moraſs, as well to conceal themſelves from the exaſperated rebels, as to ſecure them from the haſty progreſs of the conflagration. In this ſituation ſhe remained ſeveral hours, uncertain of the fate of her huſband, and fearful, till the fall of night, to attempt ſeeking a more comfortable ſituation. What a night of horror at laſt preſented itſelf! the gleams of fire from the different ſettlements being all the light to direct them on their way.

How is it poſſible a tender, delicate woman, with three children clinging round her, and crying with hunger, cold, and terror, could be inſpired with ſufficient fortitude and ſtrength to combat thoſe evils, and

at

at laſt ſurmount them? She wandered without food, and almoſt without clothing, upwards of thirty miles, through woods nearly impaſſable, lying by in the day, and ſubſiſting her wretched infants with berries, and water from the brooks; when, juſt dying, they fortunately reached an Indian hut; the inhabitants of which were friendly to the loyaliſts—Here ſhe received the ſupplies ſo neceſſary to ſuſtain life, and with them ſhe continued near a fortnight.

One of the ſons of the family kindly undertook to travel to the army, and endeavour to gain ſome information of the huſband of the almoſt deſpairing Mrs. Denniſon. He found the Captain wounded, and near expiring, and two Indians juſt in the act of preparing to ſcalp him.

The brave fellow flew on the miſcreants with his hatchet, and dealt his blows ſo ſucceſsfully, that one dropped down lifeleſs, and the other was too much diſabled to proceed in his horrid deſign.

The Indians are well verſed in the virtue of herbs, which are their only ſpecifics in all caſes. The woods every where abound with theſe ſalutary helps. He procured ſome, and their application ſoon reſtored the unfortunate Denniſon.

As ſoon as he could bear motion, the generous Indian carried him on his back, and in three days preſented him to his beloved wife and family; the news of whoſe ſafety had, no doubt, contributed much to the recovery of the gallant officer. It was a long time before he was able to tra-

vel.

vel.—His wounds continued in a dangerous ſtate, and the army at a great diſtance. All theſe circumſtances induced him to yield to the repeated ſolicitations of his wife; and the honeſt Indian once more undertook a journey to the army, with a letter from Denniſon to the commanding officer, to obtain leave of abſence, as his ſituation precluded all hopes of being able to rejoin the regiment. The General was ſurpriſed to hear he was living, as the party had reported his death, and his commiſſion was already diſpoſed of. Permiſſion was immediately granted him, and as ſoon as they could put themſelves in condition, this forlorn family ſet off on their travels to the moſt convenient ſea port, to be ready to avail themſelves of the firſt veſſel for England.

Many and various were the difficulties they had to encounter, before they found the much desired opportunity of procuring a passage. At length they succeeded; her father gave them the sincerest welcome, and happily had it in his power, by a late and unexpected addition to his income, to increase her establishment, which, together with the remains of her husband's fortune, and his half pay, has enabled them to take a pleasant little house, in the cottage style, with about forty acres of land; and he smilingly says, he shall *turn his sword into a ploughshare, and his spear into a pruning hook.* Mrs. Dennison is happier in being the wife of a little country farmer, than of a general; and the poor children (who talk yet with terror of the dangers they have seen) ramble about with delight over fields unstained with blood.

It

It conveys the moſt heart-felt ſatisfaction to ſee this once perſecuted family repoſed in the arms of peace. Happy iſlanders! did ye but conſider, and properly weigh your advantageous ſituation, ye would leſs repine at the trifling difficulties ye encounter. Ye contribute money to the war; but it is carried far away from you.—Ye can never become the ſeat of deſolation, or be witneſs to the dreadful ſcenes that rive the heart in the bare relation.

Mrs. Denniſon is a pleaſing little woman, and of a form and conſtitution, one ſhould think, ill adapted to ſupport the hardſhips ſhe laboured through; but now it is all over; and, like the ſhipwrecked mariner, ſhe dwells on the ſtorm that ſo nearly overwhelmed her. She ſays gratefully, and gracefully too, that it was owing

to having the beſt of huſbands, that ſhe was enabled to ſtruggle with her difficulties, and conquer them at laſt, without falling a victim to her ill fortune. The hope of again being united to a man who deſerved her tendereſt love, ſupported her amidſt her trials, "and Heaven be praiſ-"ed," ſhe cries, "I am rewarded."

Oh! Elwina, how delightful is it to ſee two perſons, ſo formed for each other, ſo happily united!—The dear little children too; each hanging, with infantine pleaſure and fondneſs, on the enraptured father and mother; and, by their ſweet careſſes, congratulating and rewarding their eſcape from the toils and troubles of war. The ſcene grew too intereſting. My boſom ſwelled even to pain, and I ſought a retired ſpot, to give vent to feelings I could not reſiſt.

refiſt. Happy family! Happy Denniſon! to be ſupremely bleſt with the woman of thy fondeſt choice. Long may ye live, giving and receiving the trueſt tranſports! enjoying the moſt exquiſite of human felicity!

——— What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleaſures, and its nonſenſe all;
Who, in each other, claſp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and laviſh hearts can wiſh,
Something than beauty dearer, ſhould they look,
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face,
Truth, goodneſs, honour, harmony, and love,
The richeſt bounty of indulgent Heaven.
Meanwhile a ſmiling offspring riſes round,
And mingles both their graces.

Yes, Elwina, it is ſuch ſights as theſe that fill my boſom with ſenſations too exquiſite to be expreſſed. I ſtole into the garden, where a thouſand ſoft impaſſioned

thoughts

thoughts rushed on my mind. For some moments I was lifted up above this world and all its *nonsense*. Delusive ideas! Oh—whither did my imagination carry me!—And does Elwina say *may they be realized?* Oh, my sweet friend, you know not at times how wild and romantic that imagination is. But wherefore are we endued with reason, if we use it not to regulate our passions? And what can a man wish for who is possessed of the friendship and esteem of Elwina? Moderate thy wishes then, too presumptuous Alfred, and learn to be satisfied with a portion of happiness which scarcely any merit can deserve, or the purest affection and veneration repay. Thy friendship, ever amiable Elwina, is the dearest advantage, the choicest blessing in the life of

ALFRED.

LETTER XIII.

ELWINA TO ALFRED.

I AM not in the fweeteft of all poffible tempers this morning, and yet I will write to my friend Alfred, to inform him his letter from Banbury was brought me hither laft night, after it had lain at Mrs. M—'s two days. Addrefs your next to me at home, where I have been this week.

I know not whether the perufal of your account of the Dennifon family threw me into an unpleafant train of thought, or to what

what caufe it was owing, but I never clofed my eyes the whole night. I think I can fend you a counterpart of their ftory in that of my fifter. How could you inquire after her? I knew not that you was acquainted with her name—I do not remember having ever mentioned it.

It was foolifh to begin writing when I was fo little in a humour for it; nor is it worth while to fend you this trifling fcrap. But, perhaps, you would like to know I had left L———. I know not what ails me—I am not well—I am hot and cold by turns—I believe it is what the fine ladies call the vapours. In truth, I am out of fpirits. I fhall not attempt to anfwer any part of your letter—There are fome paffages quite incomprehenfible to

ELWINA.

LET-

LETTER XIV.

Alfred to Elwina.

NOT a word that ever fell from the lips of Elwina has eſcaped the obſervation of Alfred. I do not, from hence, ſeek to eſtabliſh a character for having a very retentive memory; mine is far otherwiſe; but each ſound you utter ſinks deep on the tablet of my mind. I had not known you long before you mentioned the name of Mrs. Pleydel, calling her your unfortunate ſiſter; that title inſured her ſome

ſome attention from me. There are ſome other expreſſions you have let fall, perhaps, as unheeded by you, which yet have ſunk on my heart, making indelible impreſſions—but of them no more at preſent.

You make me wretched, Elwina, when you tell me you are indiſpoſed. I cannot bear thoſe inſtances of mortality, in one whom I regard as of a ſuperior order of beings; you muſt not be ill. For heaven's ſake, take air and exerciſe.—Oh, if you had a brother to whom you was dear, in the hundredth degree that you are to me, how would he cheriſh you; how would he vary your amuſements, till he ſaw health and cheerfulneſs regain their ſeat in your beloved face!

You closed not your eyes the whole night. Elwina, you cannot be well. What occasioned the sweetest temper in the world being discomposed? Why do I presume to ask that question? If I am too importunate, chide me; but tell me, at the same time, you are perfectly recovered. Oh, that I was with you, to watch your charming countenance, and to administer, if possible, some relief to you. Elwina, I would die to restore you to health and happiness—Happiness! how came so tormenting an idea across my distracted mind? Happiness must be yours, whatever is my portion; such worth, such sweetness, must be the darling of Heaven, the Dispenser of all felicity!

I too am in no very proper mood for writing; I ought to throw aside my pen,

as it ſeems to have got beyond my guidance.

I will go and take a little air; I ſhall be back time enough to finiſh this by the hour of the poſt going out. There is no danger of my omitting being ready. I believe, in my conſcience, if I had my will, when abſent from you, I ſhould eſtabliſh a flying poſt, that I might hear from you every hour, and write as often; but you will ſay, you thought I was going to take a walk—I will do ſo, and then *Alfred ſhall be himſelf again.*

I ſtaid only two days with the Denniſons after I had written to you; but it is with pleaſure that I look forward to fulfilling an engage-

engagement I made, to paſs a week with them next year, to ſee their improvements in the farming buſineſs. It may be very uſeful to me too, as I ſhall certainly keep all the glebe in my own hands, which will ſerve as an amuſement, and, at the ſame time, be a very profitable employment. I really have ſome good notions of agriculture, which I picked up while I reſided at the country houſe of Mr. Nelſon. As to Denniſon, he profeſſes himſelf quite a novice, owning all the knowledge he has, are the ſcraps he ſtill retains in his memory of Virgil's Bucolics; but he yields all the management to his wife, who ſeems an excellent œconomiſt; and if they do not find themſelves richer at the year's end, they will be much healthier, and, conſequently, happier, than if they were

to

to ſit down idly, and have every thing to purchaſe of their neighbours.

It will not be long, according to the common meaſure of time (though, believe me, Elwina, the hours drag heavily on) before I return to L——. You may be certain, I ſhall remind Mrs. M—— that ſhe ſhould take the earlieſt day to pay a viſit, the expectation of which quickens the vibrations of my heart, even to my fingers ends. Elwina, you muſt be quite well; have I not ſaid ſo before?—Yes, you ſhall be well, if the pureſt prayer ever offered to the throne of the Almighty can hope to be efficacious.

How tedious has this abſence appeared! No ſchool-boy ever cut a notch from his tally

tally before the holidays, with half the eagernefs of hope and joy as I fee each day decline. Every night, I fay, "Thank God, "another day is over!—Now, but fo "many remains for me to experience a kind "of banifhment from all that is elegant "and lovely."

Do you ever dream, Elwina? Surely it is not furprifing I fhould find you each night the fubject of my fleeping meditations. Bleft fleep! how do I court thy kind vifits; and yet is it not abfurd, fince dreams are involuntary, and we know not of what we fhall dream, and while I am awake I can think of you without interruption?—Yet it is my delight, my happinefs to dream of you—to fee you—to talk to you—to be permitted to fay unreproved, what, perhaps, you would not hear me

utter

utter without a frown. When ſuch melancholy ideas intrude, I am ready to cry out with Belvidere,

Oh! for a thick ſubſtantial ſleep!

What vain deluſions do we mortals indulge in! I awake, and find, alas! 'tis but a dream, then ſigh becauſe it is ſo. Heaven forbid I ſhould ever again be ſo long a time without ſeeing you. Will thoſe delightful hours return no more, when I was allowed to ſee the moſt amiable of women every day; to walk with her, to hear her talk, to gaze upon her "till even the "ſenſe ached?" Oh, yes, they muſt, they will. The great Artificer of nature would never inſpire ſuch a veneration for excellence, that he deſigned to ſhut out forever from my ſight; it is contrary to his

bene-

beneficence and mercy to think it. Yes; Elwina, we ſhall meet, and if *you* forbid it not, we will often meet.

I ſhall ſettle all my affairs here, and when the arrangement is made (which will take up but little time, as I have few accounts to cancel), I ſhall take leave of the Univerſity. In leſs than ſix months I ſhall be of age to take poſſeſſion of my living, and God grant I may find no difficulty about it; for on that depends every ſcheme of felicity I ever expect, or have a taſte for enjoying.

During that ſpace, I hope Elwina will have no objection to my ſometimes viſiting her at her father's. I ſhall make nothing of riding over and taking a peep at

a manſion you embelliſh by being its inhabitant.

How much does my dear mother miſs you! She tells me, ſhe has never known ſo much comfort (her partial fondneſs adds, during her ſon's abſence), as when ſhe was honoured with your charming ſociety. I love her more, if poſſible, for being ſo ſenſible of your exquiſite worth, and companionable qualities. The latter, there are very few perſons poſſeſſed of, and yet they may be very amiable; but they want the ſecret of making us pleaſed with ourſelves. They miſs their aim too, by attempting to be entertaining in a more than common degree, and in order to accompliſh this, will have all the chat to themſelves, and ſtrive to amuſe, by tel-

ling

ling a thouſand ſtories, of which they are the heroes; they will be either ſervilely complying, or rudely contradicting. In ſhort, we find ourſelves diſpoſed to be tired of theſe *agreeable companions*, and retire to ſolitude, when their perſecuting civility will allow it, with a double reliſh, from the toil we have undergone. I write on this ſubject with more energy juſt now, as I have, for two hours, been tormented with a very good kind of a young man, who has little elſe to do than to run from one ſtudent's room to another, and will never believe that a man can chooſe to be alone, unleſs he is devoured with the ſpleen, which he good-naturedly ſtrives to remove by a tireſome detail of *nothings*. I really was at laſt conſtrained to tell him I had letters of importance to finiſh. I dare

ſay you will eaſily diſcover at what period of my epiſtle my very agreeable companion broke in upon me.

Adieu—I am moſt truly yours,

ALFRED.

LET-

LETTER XV.

ELWINA TO ALFRED.

OH, I know to a fraction the kind of being your agreeable companion is. And, I think, without ſpectacles, I could diſcern the preciſe point of time his pleaſant ſallies commenced. If I thought you would not accuſe me of ingratitude, and a turn for ſatire (two very horrid qualities, and, thank Heaven, two that I am perfectly free from), I ſhould juſt hint that our friend Mrs. M——'s name might be put on the liſt of uncompanionables; and yet ſhe has very many amiable qualities belonging to her character. She is an excellent mother,

a very good wife, confidering her hufband is fo much from home, and a charitable and kind friend; but there is a certain reftleffnefs about her, which we females call *fidgetting*. I know not the etymology of the word, or whether it is derived from the Greek or Latin; that I leave to the learned of either Univerfity. Mrs. M—— is the beft illuftration of it that I know at prefent.

If walking is talked of, *fhe will be of the party with all her heart. It is quite the thing fhe likes. But do not you think it is too hot? or it is too cold, or it is windy, or though the fun fhines now, I think it will rain foon*, or twenty other things; if reading is propofed, *oh, that is fo very delightful! I love of all things* (you know her manner) *to hear my dear Elwina read.* Well, when the

the ſubject is choſen (and, to mend the matter, ſhe declares ſhe has no choice), it is fifty to one that ſhe does not attend to you five minutes: ſhe will ſometimes quit the room in a moſt intereſting paſſage, and beg I will go on, and not mind her, ſhe ſhall not be long gone, and knows I will have the goodneſs to relate the ſtory to her afterwards. Such perſons ſhould never attempt to read any thing but newſ-papers, or the *beauties* of different authors. How lucky for them, that there are ſo many good natured makers of books for your five minute readers. The cream of literature is now ſo eaſily ſkimmed, that Homer might almoſt be crammed into a nut-ſhell. I think this may be called an age of œconomy, for you have nothing to do but to give up your own judg-

ment to a compiler, and you ſhall have all that is worth reading in ſo voluminous a writer as Johnſon, compriſed in two pocket volumes.

Notwithſtanding I ſee her foibles, I have a great regard for Mrs. M——; but I cannot allow her to poſſeſs companionable qualities; and I really think her choice of an Indian Captain a very ſtrong inſtance of her good ſenſe. If you obſerve, ſhe talks herſelf out in a very ſhort time, and then there is ſuch a tedious round of what our neighbours are doing, that I am abſolutely often in danger of falling a victim to *ennui*. I think there is no diſorder equal to that ſuperabundance of words devoid of converſation. I would not ſay this to any human being but Alfred; but he knows as well as myſelf how to ſeparate the

the grain from the chaff, and while he respects the one, can feel a generous pity for the other.

She is doubly intitled to my gratitude, for had I not been distinguished by her regard, I should never have known you.

I hope you will discover that I am marvellously recovered in my disposition; I am perfectly sweet tempered at present, and, believe me too, I am quite well. I think your sympathetic feelings should have informed you as much; but, perhaps, sympathy is not so active a power in friendship, as it is said to be in less governable passions.

You must take some lessons of farming

from my father, who holds upwards of an hundred acres in his own hands, *pour l'amusement*, for I do not think he is *much the richer at the year's end*; but he gains health. I have rather a paſſion for agriculture myſelf, and, perhaps, may be able to give you ſome information; and you know, you have often told me you had much rather receive inſtruction from a woman than a man, as they mix delight with it. I believe I muſt purchaſe for you *The Poor Man's Œconomy; or the Art of Growing Rich and Reſpectable.* It will be an uſeful little book to lie in the parlour window at the rectory. *Apropos!* I availed myſelf of your permiſſion, and filled a box with ſome books from your library, which I am reading with great avidity, and I hope improvement; not without a frequent wiſh that you were my companion

all the while, that we might make our remarks together as we proceeded.

I have not forgotten my promiſe of Mrs. Pleydel's hiſtory.—It ſhall ſoon follow this; but my conſcience tells me this is a ſufficient length already. I ſhould ſecond your motion of *flying poſts*, and I ſhould prove my approbation by writing by each, if you would promiſe to do the ſame. Your letters afford me the higheſt pleaſure, and I would not relinquiſh it for the univerſe; but on the conſideration of converſing with you.

I like your idea of the boy's notching off each day; it is an excellent one: do you think I do not count the hours too? It would be ſtrange if I did not, for I have not ſeen a being yet that could, for one

 moment,

moment, make me forget Alfred, or can any circumſtance occur which could induce me to ceaſe regretting his abſence—*We ſhall meet,* you ſay; and can you ſuppoſe *I ſhould ever forbid our often meeting?* Are you yet ſo unacquainted with Elwina? She is incapable of deceit or diſguiſe—ſhe makes not profeſſions indeed---ſhe flatters not; but her eſteem is permanent, and her reaſon juſtifies the choice of her inclination. Alfred muſt ever be the approved friend of

ELWINA.

LET-

LETTER XVI.

Elwina to Alfred.

I AM now ferioufly going to fet about writing a *Petite Hiftoire* of "The Ca-"lamities of Civil War." And I fhall not take up the time of my amiable friend with unneceffarily prefacing how unequal I am to the tafk. It is fufficient Alfred requefts me; Elwina knows not how to refufe what he afks.

Mr. Pleydel became acquainted with my eldeft fifter, during his refidence in Eng-land

land for the purpoſe of negociating certain affairs relative to his employment in the civil line, which he ſucceeded his father in. It is now exactly ten years ſince, and Matilda is juſt that number of years older than me.

His perſon and manners were pleaſing, and his character ſufficiently eſtabliſhed to juſtify a young woman in ſelecting him from the reſt of the world, for her partner in life.

I have been always partial to fine teeth, and I ſtill remember Mr. Pleydel's (except one ſet I have ſeen) were of the moſt beautiful order. His eyes were extremely handſome, but rather too dark and quick, and had that extreme kind of fire, that,

like

like the ſun, they were too piercing to be looked at ſteadily. I have ſometimes ventured to examine much finer eyes, whoſe effulgence is like the moon in all its ſplendour, which may be gazed at with delight, and never fails to inſpire a nameleſs ſatisfaction. Do you ever ſee thoſe eyes, Alfred? You cannot ſee them with mine however.—So much for the perſon of my brother-in-law. His underſtanding and probity will be fully proved in the ſubſequent part of his hiſtory.

To his addreſſes my father could form no one objection; but that the compliance would divide his firſt born from him probably for ever. Matilda's attachment, however, had great weight with him; and Mr. Pleydel was too much in love himſelf,

to make fortune an object in his matrimonial engagement.

You have heard that my father had been bred a wholefale grocer. He had acquired a very large fortune, befides having good poffeffions from his and my mother's family. Before he quitted bufinefs, which was two years previous to this point of time I am fpeaking of, he had always declared he would give his daughters (then four in number) firft and laft ten thoufand pounds each. He had not then been feized with the defire, I was going to fay madnefs, of making his eldeft fon a member of parliament, and his two other fons gentlemen by profeffion. My father has a thoufand excellencies; indeed I think he has but this one foible, namely, defpifing trade. It is a great pity;—as a commercial

country

country we are the firſt in the world, and the character of an Engliſh merchant is reſpectable over each ſection of the globe. It is certainly a weakneſs, but human nature is weak. As ſoon as this unhappy prejudice againſt trade ſeized my poor father, he reſted not till he had intirely diſengaged himſelf from it, and now he found there were occaſions enough for his money; and that men of ever ſo large eſtates did not give their daughters ſuch fortunes. "Indeed," as he ſaid, "a grocer might find "ſome difficulty in getting his girls mar- "ried, and, therefore, ten thouſand pounds "(being an object with many men, who "would overlook the misfortune of being "a tradeſman's daughter for ſuch a *douceur*) "was then neceſſary; but the ſiſters of a "member of parliament with three thou- "ſand pounds, and a promiſe of ſome-

"thing

"thing more, might do quite as well." Now the experiment was to be made, and Mr. Pleydel being very much attached, and efteeming the confent of my father rather a forced one, made no objection to this abridgment of fortune. And fo we muft learn to be content with three thoufand pounds, and reduce our views to our humble fortune, that our brother the member, and *firft* gentleman of the family, which we are too often reminded of in not the pleafanteft manner, may have an eftablifhment equal to the fphere in life he is raifed to. It is enough for his family to be the fatellites of fo refplendent a planet.

On the death of one of the fweeteft girls in the world, whom I loved with the tendereft affection, and whofe lofs I fhall

never

never ceaſe lamenting, my father ſettled all the ſurplus of our intended dowers upon my brother, which was upwards of thirty thouſand pounds; though he ſtill does us the honour of making our houſe his home: that is, he ſleeps and eats in it whenever it ſuits him. I am inſenſibly giving you the hiſtory of our whole family. I hope not to prejudice you againſt any one of them. My brother has, I muſt acknowledge, a great ſhare of pride; yet I excuſe it, when I reflect, that being ſet up ſo much above his family, has occaſioned the increaſe of it; for, like the ſheaves of wheat in Joſeph's dream, we all do homage and obeiſance to him. He is quite the polite gentleman in his deportment; his perſon is handſome; his addreſs pleaſing, and his manners ſo engaging, that he is ſpoken of in all companies

with reſpect, and his ſociety courted by thoſe whoſe birth and rank are greatly ſuperior to his.

All this gratifies the vanity of my dear father, who never fails when theſe inſtances appear (which are very frequent), to congratulate himſelf as being the firſt promoter of his family's advancement into notice. My brother has been now ſeveral years in parliament, the delight and pride of his father, who wants nothing to complete his happineſs but to ſee him nobly allied, that at leaſt his grand-children may have ſome patrician blood in their veins. But although many eſſays have been made towards ſuch a wiſhed-for alliance, they have not yet been crowned with ſucceſs. On the failure of any ſcheme of this kind, my poor diſap-

difappointed father cannot help breaking forth with, " aye, aye, I fee how it is, " my poor Clodio. They will never for- " get that your unfortunate father once " fold fugar and plums in Watling- " ftreet."

After the accuftomed time paffed in fettling thofe kind of affairs, the wedding in our family took place, and in fix weeks, about Chriftmas 1769, the new married folks embarked for Philadelphia, which was to be the refidence of Mr. Pleydel.

My fifter was delighted with her fituation, and her hufband's appointment giving her fome rank in that city, contributed not a little to her fatisfaction. Her

letters were filled with accounts of the civilities of the inhabitants, and the even increafed fondnefs of her dear Mr. Pleydel.

The political troubles foon began to difcover themfelves, but as they were chiefly confined to the provinces of New England and Maffachuffets Bay, thofe fettled at Philadelphia were not much difturbed by them. Circumftances, however, in government made it neceffary for Mr. Pleydel to remove himfelf and family into the midft of the malecontents, and juft, too, at a very critical period. It was his bufinefs to endeavour to conciliate matters, but he found them too much inflamed with the fpirit of independence; and they laboured as ineffectually to bring him over to their opinions: his fteadinefs to his principles nearly proved

fatal to him. The Congreſs ſeized all his effects, and on his remonſtrating, dragged him away to priſon; ordering his wife and children to quit Boſton in twenty-four hours, and the province in three days.

A collective body may be cruel and tyrannical in its orders, but it is individuals only that are rapacious and vindictive. The aſſembly baniſhed the family of poor Pleydel; but the officer, whoſe buſineſs it was to ſee their reſolution executed, ſtripped my ſiſter and her infants of every ſhilling, and hardly left them clothing to ſhelter them from the inclemency of the weather. He inhumanly too refuſed her any ſatisfactory intelligence of the fate of her huſband. We will ſuppoſe a ſubaltern was not likely to be informed of the deciſions of Congreſs, but it was an

unpardon-

unpardonable barbarity, to ſharpen the arrow of affliction, which a ſelf-created power had ſtruck into the heart of a helpleſs woman, by telling her, that although the mode of execution was not yet determined, yet it was certain he would be put to death. Nay, as ſhe paſſed along the ſtreets (as ſhe pathetically ſaid in the words of the Pſalmiſt), "the very ab-"jects came and looked upon her." She was reviled and inſulted by the rabble; and her eyes blaſted with the effigy of her huſband dragged about the town, like Guy Vaux on the fifth of November. They were bawling about, "the laſt dying "ſpeech of that traitor to the good cauſe "of independence, William Pleydel." She declares, even the wretches whoſe habitual poverty made it of little conſequence to them under what maſter they

ſhould

ſhould continue ſlaves, and whom ſhe had frequently relieved with money, meat and clothing, were among the foremoſt to inſult and ill-treat her.—Their expreſſions of hatred to the king were not the leaſt grating to her ears.

The relation of her perſecution, I dare ſay, will bring into your mind that beautiful deſcription in Jane Shore.

Around her, numberleſs, the rabble flow'd,
Should'ring each other, crowding for a view,
Gaping and gazing, taunting and reviling;
Some pitying, but thoſe, alas! how few!
The moſt, ſuch iron-hearts we are, and ſuch
The baſe barbarity of human kind,
With inſolence and loud reproach purſu'd her,
Hooting and railing, and with villainous
hands

Gath'ring the filth from out the common
ways,
To hurl it on her head.——

At length the roar, that purſued the hapleſs wanderers, ſunk like the murmurs of a falling wind, and ſoftened into ſilence. But the ſurrounding ſtorm had ſupported her to bear it. Now that ſhe looked round and felt how truly deſolate ſhe was, with four weeping children clinging to her boſom, let any one for a moment make the caſe their own. Let them only feel for a woman, who but a few hours before thought herſelf in the claſs of the happy. View her now ſtripped of every neceſſary of life: two of her children ill of violent agues, ſo common to that climate; the other two mere babies, and herſelf unable to procure them a morſel of bread!

bread! With what frantic looks of despair did ſhe turn her tearful eyes on that city from whence ſhe had juſt been driven with ſo much ignominy! on that city, which had perhaps imbrued itſelf with the blood of her beloved huſband! She ſays, ſhe remembers tearing off her cap, and throwing herſelf on the ground, beſeeching it to open and entomb her with her deſtitute infants! Her agony almoſt bereaved her of her ſenſes. She even thinks ſhe had for ſome minutes been quite inſenſible. She was at laſt rouſed by the cries of her children. They thought her dead. The eldeſt boy, who was juſt ſix years old, exclaimed faintly, for he was debilitated with illneſs, as well as with a ſenſe of their ſufferings,—"Yes, my deareſt "mamma, I ſhall ſoon follow you! My "poor Caroline will die too! And then

 "what

"what will become of theſe little ones?
"Oh, my deareſt papa, could you ſee us
"now! But you are dead. The wicked
"men have killed us all! One grave
"will ſerve us!" The other children ſet up a piercing cry, and my ſiſter, awakened to the ſenſe of knowing how important it was for her to ſtruggle with her evils, ſince the lives of her infants depended on her exertion, raiſed herſelf up, and claſping them to her wretched boſom, begged mercy and protection of that Power who ſuffers its creatures to be afflicted, but who can give them ſtrength to ſupport themſelves under their diſtreſs.

She conſulted with her ſon George, who had an underſtanding aſtoniſhingly mature. He reminded her of an Aunt of his father's, who lived at Albany, and

who

who was his godmother. "Alas!" cried his weeping mother, "and how ſhall we "get thither?"

"In a few days," ſaid this dear prophetic child, "you will not have ſo "much care as at preſent. I ſhall be "provided for; ſo perhaps will Caro-"line; and my little brother will be able "to walk by your ſide, while you carry "Matilda in your arms." "And how "will you be provided for, my ſweet an-"gel?" aſked his mother.

"I *ſhall* be an angel by that time, "mamma," replied the dear little fellow. "To-morrow is the day when my ague "will return, and I know I ſhall be taken "from you." The looks of the child ſo truly prognoſticated the truth of his aſ-

 ſertion,

ſertion, that my poor ſiſter ſeemed already bereft of him. She threw her arms round her darling, and in the bitterneſs of woe declared all evils were trifling compared with the idea of having him torn from her. Surely Heaven inſpired this wonderful child! He comforted her in ſuch words as left the moſt indelible impreſſion on her mind. He petitioned Heaven to relieve her diſtreſſes, or enable her to ſupport them. "Ah, my deareſt mamma," he cried, "do not repine that I am taken "from you, I who muſt now be ſo very "burthenſome. If I had ſtrength I "might aſſiſt you; but, alas! I am ſo "weak, that to lift up my hand is a fa-"tigue to me. Though I am parched "and dying for a drop of water, I could "not crawl to that brook."

The wiſh to ſuccour her child, gave Matilda activity; ſhe flew to the ſtream, but ſunk down in deſpair when ſhe found ſhe had no veſſel to convey it to the lips of her dying infant. She now ran back to him, the moment ſhe recovered herſelf, and brought the dear child to the margin of the brook lading up a little in the hollow of her hand. He thanked her with his eyes, which now became dim and glaſſy. She had a fearful preſentiment that his death was approaching; eagerly ſhe ſought ſome place where ſhe could convey him, to render the laſt moments of his life as little painful as their ſituation would admit of. She reached ſome trees that promiſed them a little ſhelter, and here ſhe and her helpleſs children prepared to paſs the night. She drew them all as cloſe as poſſible, preſſing her dear

George to her boſom to communicate a little warmth to him during the paroxyſm of the cold fit, which was very ſevere; but he ſtruggled through that, and endured three hours of violent fever. My poor ſiſter held him in all the agony of grief in her arms, till ſhe felt him ſeized with the convulſion of death. Nature ſickened and revolted. She laid him gently on the graſs, when ſhe beheld the cruelleſt of all ſights for a fond mother; a beloved child gaſping for life, unable to ſuſtain him, to relieve, or even afford the ſmalleſt aſſiſtance! There was no friendly hand to ſupport her, or even to bury her dead ſon. She knelt mournfully by him, regardleſs of every thing, and ſeemingly inſenſible of her ſituation, and that of the wretched ſurvivors. They now began to be clamorous for food, which

which ſhe calmly told them, ſhe had not for them. "Your brother is dead," ſhe cried; "we all ſhall be ſo ſoon. Peace, "my dear children, it is the will of Hea-"ven, and we muſt ſubmit." Poor ſouls! they underſtood not this kind of philoſophy, but began to cry moſt bitterly with all the vociferation of children abſolutely ſtarving, not conſidering that their cries did no manner of good.

Continued.

HAPPILY, however, for them, an Indian chief by mere accident paſſed near enough to their woful habitation, to diſcern ſeveral perſons lying on the ground as if dying or dead. He was out on a ſhooting party, and had wandered many miles from his native woods, and left his

companions at a great diſtance. Moſt providentially he had a bottle of rum with him, and a ſmall quantity of proviſion. There needed not words to inform the gentle-minded Indian of the outline of the ſtory: as few were neceſſary on his ſide. He preſented his bottle and food, which they each partook of, and then delivering the wampum into her hand, *he took up the talk.* "I aſk not," ſaid he, "what country you are of. Whether "you belong to our brother on the other "ſide the lake; or whether you are an "enemy to us and to him. I ſee you are "in diſtreſs; that is country enough for "an Indian to pour the balm of conſo-"lation into the wounds of adverſity. "The great Spirit ſuffers his creatures to "be afflicted, to teach them wiſdom, and "to inſpire men with compaſſion one to-

"wards

"wards another. Your child is dead; "but it was the hand that formed him "who has deprived you of the infant of "your hopes. It was not the hand of "your enemy. *I* have had children; but "they are no more. Their deaths are re-"venged, and I am satisfied." He raised the poor mourners, who were almost ready to worship him for his timely assistance; and after depositing the corpse of the beloved George in its original earth, he led my wretched sister, by a nearer way than she could have discovered, to a small Indian village, where she continued several days; being charitably sustained by the humanity of these so improperly styled savages.

Here she procured, through the benevolence of her excellent friends, a decent coffin for her dear child, who was brought

from the ſpot where ſhe had firſt been compelled to inter him, and, as near as ſhe could, ſhe buried him according to the rites of our church; erecting a ſimple monument, denoting who he was.

At her requeſt an Indian went to Boſton to gather ſome intelligence of the fate of Mr. Pleydel. What a ſuſpence was hers during the expedition! and how little conſolation did his return afford her! It amounted to no more that this; that Congreſs had not yet determined on his death, ſtill hoping they might, by threats and cruel treatment, induce him to come over to their intereſts, which would be a circumſtance ſo much in their favour, as would encourage them to elect him the chief of their aſſembly: that he ſtill continued his firm adherence to loyalty; proteſting,

teſting, no preſent evils or future advantage ſhould ever alter his fixed reſolution of preſerving his faith inviolate to the beſt of kings. The worthy Indian, too, had been to ſome late friends of my ſiſter, who were not quite ſo over-run with the enthuſiaſm of independence as ſome were, and who had charity enough to commiſerate her ſituation, with ability to mitigate her ſufferings in a ſmall degree, by affording her a little ſupply of money and clothing: all which the honeſt creature brought her with the utmoſt fidelity.

Finding that time brought no alleviation to her griefs, that ſhe might receive information of all public affairs at Albany, ſhe diſpoſed herſelf for travelling to that province, together with her helpleſs infants. When ſhe made known her reſolution,

ſolution, the Indian who had firſt patronized her, and whoſe name was Logan, fixed his eyes upon her, while they filled with tears. "Where are you going," ſaid he to her, "from a ſociety to whom "you are dear? Why will you not re- "main with us, who will protect you from "every evil? You know not what diſtreſſes "you may encounter, when Logan, per- "haps, will not be near to defend you "from dangers. Children of affliction! "why will you leave this ſafe retreat? I "have known ſorrow, yet the great Spirit "has bleſt me with the power of leſſen- "ing yours. I will relate to you the "ſufferings of a man who has felt the "arrow of diſtreſs rankle in his heart. I "have ſeen the loved partner of my life "torn from my embraces, notwithſtand- "ing all the exertions, my body, en-

"feebled

" feebled by wounds, would permit me to " make in her defence. Yes," continued he, his eyes flashing fire, and his whole frame agitated with trembling; " yes, I " saw her, whom I loved with transport, " dragged into the woods, and heard her " dying groans! I have seen my children " suffocated and consumed in the fire of " my dwelling! I saw it all when I was " unable, from my bonds, to rescue them! " Child of affliction, thy husband, thy " loved partner, though separated from " thee, is still living. I ask thee not to " supply the place of my beloved Attila. " Yet my eyes have never looked on a " woman since her death, till I beheld " thee. But thy children may supply to " me the loss of my own; and the hand " of Logan shall defend their mother from " evil. I will respect thee; and if thou

" canst

"canſt not love me like thy huſband, call "me thy brother; and Logan ſhall ſuffer "death before his beloved ſiſter ſhall be "injured: is not the wampum ſtill in "thine hand?"

Matilda liſtened to him with a nameleſs terror. Though ſhe had the higheſt idea of his honour, yet ſhe knew, and had heard more of the violent paſſions of the Indians, whether love or hatred predominated. With gratitude ſhe thanked him for the protection he had already afforded her, but pointed out to him the neceſſity of her immediately repairing to Albany, as there alone ſhe could meet with ſuccour; and it was the advice of her prophetic child, that ſhe ſhould bend her forlorn footſteps thither as ſoon as poſſible. Her ſtring of wampum ſhe hung round her neck, and vowed

never to part with ſo friendly a proof of his zeal; and ſhe ſhould never ceaſe her prayers to the great Spirit, to ſhower down comforts on his head.

"Oh! never, never!" cried he, throwing himſelf on the ground, "no, never "can the wretched Logan know any "comfort, if he is deprived of thee! Never "has the ſun of joy riſen in my boſom, "till ſince my eyes have feaſted on thy "beauty. Your cheeks, pale and ſtained "with tears, have caſt an impreſſion in my "heart never to be worn out. But your "heart dwelleth in the boſom of another. "Logan ſhall never attempt to draw it "forth. He has ſuffered; and he can "ſuffer."

She

She attempted to reconcile him to the abſolute neceſſity of their parting; which, however, he would not conſent to, till ſhe had given him leave, with two other Indians, to convey her in ſafety to Albany. They began their journey the next day after their converſation, which occaſioned an addition of grief to my poor ſiſter, for ſhe plainly ſaw the agonizing conflict that paſſed in the mind of Logan. During their long and troubleſome march, he ſpoke but little, and his melancholy increaſed as they approached the end. His face was frequently bedewed with tears, and his boſom agitated with ſighs and groans.

The day before they reached their deſtined reſting place, he pointed out Albany to her view. A gleam of joy overſpread her

her face, when a deep groan from her conductor made her turn all her attention towards him. In a voice of pity and compassion, she soothed his sorrows, and besought him to share in the comfort her sad heart began to taste in the hope of being kindly received by her dear husband's friends. "Oh! that I could!" he exclaimed; "but I shall lose you; and "Logan will be thought of no more."

She assured him most fervently that his welfare would ever be dear to her: that his kindness would never be forgotten: that the memory of him would seldom be absent from her thoughts. Compassion for the miseries she saw him daily and hourly suffer, drew this tender confession from her. His face was illumined in a moment with the most exquisite transport. He

He ſnatched her hand with an eagerneſs that made her ſtart, and ſtrive to diſengage it from his graſp. "Oh! Logan," ſhe cried, "you are bound to protect me! do "not make me repent the obligation you "have laid me under!" He turned from her, and burſt into tears; nor did he walk near her the remainder of the day. On the ſucceeding they arrived at Albany; and Logan conducted his charge to the houſe of Mrs. Wellers, the aunt of Mr. Pleydel, who received the poor wanderers, and promiſed them an aſylum.

Matilda now gave way to the gratitude of her diſpoſition, and profuſely thanked her generous Logan for the repeated kindneſs he had ſhewn her: but ſhe could not diſſipate the gloom that enveloped his countenance. She endeavoured to make

him

him ſenſible of the careſſes of her children, and from the neck of the youngeſt ſhe took a row of coral, which is worn to facilitate cutting the teeth, and faſtened it by the gold locket to his arm. He looked on it ſome moments without ſpeaking; then turning towards her, with a fearful ſolemnity of countenance, he ſaid, "I "have brought you to a place of ſafety; "and Logan has no more to do with life. "May the great Spirit protect you, and "re-unite you to the happieſt of men! "Logan has drank of the bitter cup of af- "fliction; but this is the laſt draught. "Farewel!" Saying which, he ſtruck a dagger into his breaſt, and falling at her feet, expired without a groan.

The ſuddenneſs of the blow precluded all poſſibility of preventing it. And the

terror that ſeized my poor ſiſter deprived her for ſome time of her ſenſes. She bewailed the death of this extraordinary man with the utmoſt ſincerity and grief. Mrs. Wellers was a kind of woman, that could form no idea of ſuch a romantic paſſion in a ſavage, and was rather induced to believe Matilda muſt have encouraged his attachment. She liſtened with great coolneſs to the accounts my ſiſter gave of his whole behaviour, and in ſhort her narrow prejudices ſo diſguſted Matilda, that nothing but dire neceſſity could have prevailed on her to remain under her roof. This neceſſity was the return of illneſs in a ſtill greater degree to her daughter Caroline, who in ten days was no more.

Mrs. Wellers now became rather more humanized, and lamented with pity the ſituation of a helpleſs woman who was unable to reſiſt the brutal force of a ſavage's love. Matilda was near driven to diſtraction at this abſurd and cruel idea, which Mrs. Wellers would not give up, of its being impoſſible for a pretty young woman to have lived ſome weeks in the ſociety of a ſavage who loved her, without violation. It certainly behoved Matilda to combat this ſtrange ſupicion as much as poſſible, merely as it leſſened her in the eyes of the only perſon, herſelf and children had now to depend on. But when the dread of ſuch an idea being infuſed into the mind of her huſband, came acroſs her recollection, ſhe hardly knew how to ſupport herſelf. She called Heaven to witneſs the purity of the paſ-

ſion

ſion Logan felt for her, and the fidelity ſhe had ſhewn her huſband. But ſhe had the mortification of ſeeing that, although ſhe ſilenced, ſhe could not convince the old lady, and had therefore every thing to dread ſhould Heaven grant her the life and ſociety of her huſband.

Continued.

The Calamities of Civil War continued.

MATILDA remained a prey to doubt, and almoſt deſpair, for ſome months, hearing various accounts of Mr. Pleydel's ſituation, which ſo intirely contradicted each other, as to deſtroy any ſatisfaction ſhe was ſometimes inclined to indulge.— Her diſtreſs on her huſband's impriſonment, and uncertainty of the iſſue of it; the death of her two eldeſt children, which ſhe muſt ſuppoſe accelerated by fatigue and grief, together with the preſent evils with which ſhe ſaw herſelf ſurrounded, were enough to ſink the ſpirits of the moſt philoſophic mind: and add to all this, the

kind of pity ſhe received from Mrs. Wellers, and the limited protection affording but a bare ſubſiſtence for herſelf and children, and you will allow Matilda was moſt truly an object of compaſſion. Reſtleſs and uneaſy, ſhe would frequently wander many miles from home; and one day, full of meditation on her own melancholy fate, ſhe had lengthened her walk much farther than uſual, nor had ſufficient recollection that ſhe ought to return till ſhe found herſelf quite weary. At a diſtance ſhe ſaw a ſmall party of Indians coming towards her; but of them ſhe had no apprehenſion. When they approached her, ſhe learnt they were the inhabitants of a ſettlement called Tuſcarora, who are a very friendly tribe. She was never without beads, coral, feathers, and thoſe articles of finery, which it is common for Indians, whether ſavages,

or civilized, to be fond of; these she produced, and amongst her treasures shewed them the string of wampum, she had received from her generous, but unfortunate protector Logan. It was known instantly by most of the assembly, and she related the circumstance of having it presented to her by that brave warrior. While she was attending to an eulogium of this chief, some more of the party came towards them; when a tall, meagre, pale-faced looking Indian gave a loud cry, and would have fallen to the earth, had he not been supported by one of his companions who saw his disorder. Matilda happened to have some volatile salts in her pocket, which she immediately offered the fainting Indian; but judge of her surprise and feelings, when, on going up to him, she heard him exclaim, in a low voice "Matilda!" and then closed his

eyes, as if his ſoul had fled in pronouncing her name. Heaven inſpired her with a preſence of mind almoſt incredible. That the diſguiſed Indian was her huſband, there needed only the well-known ſound of his voice to convince her. But in the midſt of her tranſport of joy in having found him, and her diſtraction, leſt he was only brought before her eyes to ſee him breathe his laſt, ſhe happily recollected that every thing depended on the prudence and caution with which ſhe conducted herſelf. While ſhe was buſy in uſing every method to recover him, ſhe informed the ſurrounding Indians that he had formerly been a domeſtic of hers, and the ſudden joy of having unexpectedly ſeen her had overcome him, and thrown him into a diſorder he was liable to be afflicted with. She intreated them to leave her with the ſick man, and ſhe doubted not

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he would ſoon recover. They all reſpectfully retired to a diſtance out of ſight and hearing....ſuch politeneſs is practiſed by this untaught race of beings. Matilda then taking the hand of her beloved huſband, which ſhe bathed with tears, called to him by the moſt endearing names, and by her careſſes reſtored him to ſenſe and recollection. At firſt be looked a little wild, and demanded how it was poſſible they ſhould have met. “ Oh, my adored Pley-“ del,” ſhe cried, “ every thing is poſ-“ ſible with the Almighty, who has thus, as “ a reward for all our ſufferings, ordained “ we ſhould meet to part no more. Let us “ not waſte the precious moments in exam-“ ining how this bleſſing has been accom-“ pliſhed ; but let us take advantage of it “ to ſecure ourſelves a ſafe retreat. I reſide “ with your aunt Wellers at Albany, whi-

"ther I will conduct you: how will ſhe "rejoice at your ſafety! Oh, I have much "to tell you, and your almoſt famiſhed "looks, together with your diſguiſe, too "plainly inform me, I have much alſo to "hear.

"All will be forgotten," he anſwered, "ſince I once more behold my deareſt "Matilda. Where are my ſweet children?"

"You ſhall ſee them at our return," ſhe replied, while the tears ſtrayed down her cheek; "but take leave of the good In-"dians, and let us proceed to Albany."

This buſineſs being arranged, the lately met pair ſet forward for Mrs. Wellers's. A great deal of caution was neceſſary leſt Mr. Pleydel ſhould be known, for notwith-ſtanding that town ſtill remained in the

hands

hands of loyalifts, there were too many difaffected perfons in it not to fear the worft for the poor fugitive. It was almoft dark, and themfelves fpent with fatigue, when they reached the houfe of Mrs. Wellers. Matilda underwent a fevere chiding from the old lady, whofe temper, rather irafcible at all times, was not much fweetened by being told her niece had brought a fick Indian home with her. Her partiality for Indians was expatiated on in terms by no means pleafing; but fhe bore it with great patience, letting her aunt proceed till fhe was pretty well tired, and then ventured to affure her, the Indian fhe prefumed to bring into her houfe was not fo much on the fcore of charity, which perhaps, as herfelf and children were objects of that virtue, fhe had no right to exercife it on another, how much foever her

heart was inclined to it; but that ſhe was well informed he had ſome intelligence to give them reſpecting her huſband, who had fortunately made his eſcape from the danger into which the cruel tyranny of Congreſs had thrown him; and, perhaps, this honeſt Indian could inſtruct her in the means of once more beholding him.

Notwithſtanding the ſingularity of Mrs. Wellers in many inſtances, ſhe had a great love for her nephew; and but the ſhadow of hope held out that ſhe ſhould once more ſee him, ſoftened her aſperity in a moment. She requeſted to ſee the meſſenger of good tidings directly, and in her zeal would have declared, before all her ſervants, that this Indian knew of Mr. Pleydel's reſidence, though that circumſtance might have been attended with the

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utmoſt danger. The prudence, however, of Matilda never deſerted her on the moſt trying occaſions, and ſhe moderated the tranſports of the old lady, taking care that no one ſhould be either eye or ear witneſs to the conference. It was ſome time before Mrs. Wellers could be convinced that in reality it was her nephew whom ſhe ſaw, ſo effectually had he perſonated the manners and figure of an Indian chief. They ſettled among themſelves that he ſhould ſtill continue the dreſs he had aſſumed till he could get from America, or at leaſt till he had joined the royal army, which was now at New York, and to which place my ſiſter was extremely anxious to be gone for many reaſons, the moſt powerful of which was, leſt Mrs. Wellers's incautious manner of ſpeaking of every thing, ſhould

ſhould lead any one to ſuſpect who this Indian was.

She waved her huſband's inquiry after his children for that night, by telling him they were all in bed, putting off his wiſh to ſee them (though ſleeping), for fear, if any of them ſhould awake, they might be alarmed at the figure of ſuch a man careſſing them. Neither would ſhe ſeek her own gratification by hearing his adventures, but left him to that repoſe ſo very neceſſary to recruit his health and ſtrength.

The next morning ſhe went to his room, and prepared him for the melancholy detail ſhe had to make, by enumerating the bleſſings they yet enjoyed in having lived to meet once more, when they muſt have reaſonably given up all thoughts of ſuch hap-

happineſs in this world. With great piety and philoſophy ſhe ſpoke of the allays to felicity, which are the natural taxes of humanity, and to which we muſt ſubmit, as they are inevitable. She then entered into a minute detail of her ſufferings, from the time of his apprehenſion and her expulſion. Not a circumſtance did ſhe omit of Logan's generoſity, and his growing paſſion, which ſhe beheld with the trueſt concern; but ſhe did ample juſtice to the honour of this unfortunate chief's conduct towards her, and with tears bewailed the laſt raſh act of this extraordinary man.

Happily for her the mind of Mr. Pleydel was of the moſt liberal ſtamp; he had too a thorough knowledge of the ſentiments of the Indians, and that innate principle of honour, which actuates and regulates

lates all their movements. — Logan was not unknown to him, either by character or person. Of such a man as Logan, he could entertain no suspicions; and he had too much confidence in the affection and honour of his wife, to believe that in word or thought she ever swerved from either more than himself. They united their tears for the loss of their dear children, nor did a few fall over the ashes of the gallant Logan.

Logan, whom my brother-in-law remembered to have made a speech to Lord Dunmore, that would have done honour to the greatest philosopher and Christian hero.

"I now ask," he said, "of every white "man, whether he hath ever entered the

"cottage

" cottage of Logan, when preſſed with " hunger, and been refuſed food? whether " coming naked and ſhivering with cold, " Logan hath not given him ſomething to " cover himſelf with? During the courſe " of this laſt war, ſo long and ſo bloody, " Logan hath remained quietly on his " mat, wiſhing to be the advocate of peace. " Yes, ſuch is my attachment to white " men, that, even thoſe of my nation, " when they paſſed by, pointed at me, " ſaying, *Logan is a friend to white men.* " I had even thoughts of living amongſt " you; but that was before the injury I re- " ceived from one of you. Laſt ſummer " Colonel Creſſop maſſacred, in cool " blood, and without any provocation, all " the relations of Logan, without ſparing " either his wife or his children. There is

" not

" not now one drop of my blood in the veins
" of any human creature exifting! This
" is what has excited my revenge. I have
" fought it—I have killed feveral of your
" people, and my hatred is appeafed. I
" rejoice at feeing the profpect of peace
" brighten on my country. But do not
" imagine my joy is inftigated by fear.
" Logan knows not what fear is; he will
" never turn his back to fave his life. But
" alas! no one remains to mourn for Lo-
" gan when he fhall be no more."

What a beautiful, fimple, energetic and affecting fpeech!—Could any one, who had heard him utter it, harbour a thought injurious to the uniform character of fuch a man? How did the laft unfortunate act of

his

his life, while it stamped a lustre on that character, both endear him, and cause them to regret, with many bitter tears, the loss of so great a hero!

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.